The Enterprise.

VOL. 8. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1903. NO. 22.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:26 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

12:20 A. M. Daily.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A.M.	P.M
From the North	6:45	12:10
" "	—	2:33
" South	—	12:48
" "	—	6:56

MAIL CLOSES.

	A.M.	P.M.
South.	8:55	12:25
"	—	6:25
"	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK
H. W. Schaberg.....Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER
John F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

MYSTERIOUS TRIPLE TRAGEDY FROM GAS

Husband, Wife and Baby Boy Found Dead in a Cincinnati Home.

Cincinnati.—There was a mysterious triple tragedy at the home of A. M. Betty, local manager of the Washburn-Crosby Mills at Minneapolis. The bodies of A. M. Betty, his wife, Lulu, and their boy, Harry, aged 20 months, were found by neighbors. Death was caused by gas.

A note was written by Betty was found, in which he accused his wife of killing the babe, and the police think the woman may have killed him and the babe on account of domestic troubles. It is stated that divorce proceedings had been instituted two years ago and were withdrawn before the birth of their boy.

Another theory is that Betty found the bodies on his return home, and then took his own life.

The body of the baby was found in the basin with no marks on it whatever. It is thought that Betty took it from the crib and tried to revive it by turning on the water. When he found it was dead he lay down beside his wife's body to die from asphyxiation, and in that position their bodies were found.

No Cartridges for Servia Now.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from St. Petersburg says: It is semi-officially announced in regard to the Russian gift of 10,000,000 cartridges to Servia that they will not be delivered before the end of May under any circumstances, and not then if the situation in the Balkans is disturbed.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Newsy Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

Frederick Higgs, for many years an employe of the Southern Pacific railway shops in Sacramento, was run over and killed by a train at Twenty-seventh and R streets.

Theopolis H. Knoderer, an old gunsmith, employed by the Tufts-Lyons Arms Company, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. Knoderer was despondent over the death of his son, which occurred a week ago.

T. J. Johnson, a truckman at Santa Ana, while unloading sugar at a grocery store, fell and caught his leg in the chains on his wagon in such a manner that the calf of his leg was almost completely torn away. He lost a great amount of blood but will recover.

Herman Dickman, an employe of the Petaluma Paving Company at Petaluma, was killed at the company's rock crushing plant. He was thrown from a car on a high trestle. His skull was crushed and he lived but a short time. Dickman leaves a widow and large family. He was a native of Denmark, aged 40 years.

E. R. Howard, a native of Missouri, 75 years of age and resident of Yolo county, was found dead near the barn on his farm near Woodland. He had been in feeble health for a great many years. The presumption is that he stumbled and in falling struck his head against the ground with such violence as to cause death.

Mrs. Minnie Koethen, the wife of a business man of Napa, committed suicide by hanging at her home a few days ago. The body was discovered by the husband of the dead woman on his return from business. Mrs. Koethen had been despondent for some time past as the result of a long sickness. Mrs. Koethen was a native of Germany and 30 years old.

Open gambling will be stopped in Tacoma, Wash., after this week. For the first time in the city's history infractions of the gambling law will be prosecuted by the city administration. Heretofore operators of various games and nickel-in-the-slot machines have been paying their monthly fines on the 20th of each month. All proprietors were notified by the police that no fines will be collected this month and that all games must cease.

At Los Angeles, David Ellsworth was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor at San Quentin for counterfeiting. Ellsworth was first arrested at Santa Barbara, but eecaped from the train between that city and Los Angeles. Subsequently he was recaptured at El Paso and brought back to Los Angeles. Ellsworth served a term of thirteen years in the Washington State Prison for killing a man in a fight. He is in poor health, and remarked that fifteen years was "a life sentence."

The largest acreage ever planted to sugar beets in San Joaquin county will be seeded this season. The first planting is already up, and at intervals of from two to three weeks more seed will be placed in the ground so that not all of the crop will mature at the same time and crowd the factory at Crockett, which handles the vegetables. Between Tracey and Bethany in San Joaquin county about 4000 acres will be put in beets, while about the same acreage will be seeded in Contra Costa and Solano counties this season.

At Salinas, Coroner Miller held an inquest on the body of a man found in front of the Southern Pacific depot just after southbound freight train No. 244 left the depot at Castroville. The body was terriby mutilated, both arms being broken in several places and the ribs and legs were badly crushed. The dead man was about forty years of age and weighed about 150 pounds. Nothing to identify the remains was found on the body. It is supposed that in attempting to board the train he fell between the trucks of the forward cars. The jury found that he came to his death through his own carelessness.

The infant daughter of Mrs. Ansini wandered away from home the other day on the Napa road near Vallejo and was lost for forty-six hours. The child was without food and exposed to the rain and cold during all that time. Searching parties could find no trace of the infant. Robert Cogini, while repairing fences near the child's home, was attracted by the strange actions of a cow in a stubble field that would come toward him and retur always in the same direction. Cogini finally followed the cow to where it stopped, and there discovered the lost little one lying unconscious, face down, hidden by the high stubble. But for the intelligence of the dumb brute the little one would have perished.

Pozo Pico, a miner employed in the Lightner mine, near Angel's Camp, has the distinction of living four days with his neck dislocated, and the physicians say that he has a good chance of recovery. Sunday, while working in a stope, he was standing on a heavy plank, one end of which extended over timbers eight feet from the bottom of the stope. Suddenly a rock weighing about three tons fell on the end of the plank. Pico was thrown up against the overhanging rock as if he had been shot out of a cannon. He then fell about twenty-two feet and was unconscious when picked up. Medical aid was called, and an examination showed that his neck had been dislocated and that he was paralyzed. He now seems to be slightly better and is able to wink his eyes. Before this he was unable to move a muscle.

Caught in a Blast of Flame.

Pueblo, Col.—Herman A. Mowbry, foreman of a department at the steel works, was burned to death by a torrent of flame and redhot cinders that gushed out upon him from a blast furnace.

DUN'S REVIEW OF BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Buying of Spring and Summer Merchandise is Active for the Interior.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Only one distinctly unfavorable factor reported in the business situation and it exists more in the fear of what may happen than through anything that has actually occurred. Several strikes are in progress, but none that seriously hampers industry, although many controversies are threatened and may interrupt trade unless agreements are speedily reached. Progress has been made in relieving traffic blockades and deliveries are more prompt, yet railway facilities need much extension if they are to keep pace with the nation's growth. Jobbing trade is very large and the advancing season stimulates resales in many lines. Reports from the West are especially satisfactory, agriculturists making extensive improvements, notably in the purchase of the most modern machinery. Buying of spring and summer merchandise is heavy for the interior and mills are resuming that have long been idle because coke could not be secured. A careful canvas of building operations at the leading cities makes a fair comparison with last year, outside of Chicago, where special conditions caused exceptional activity in 1902.

Failures this week numbered 220 in the United States, against 209 last year, and 22 in Canada, against 31 a year ago.

Did Not Forfeit Rights to Wealth.

New York.—Mrs. Fannie Raney McComb Herzog, daughter of the late James Jennings McComb, and who married Artist Louis Herzog before she could get a Court to decide whether a clause of her father's will cutting her out of her share of his $15,000,000 estate should she marry Herzog was valid, has won her contention. Under a decision of Justice Truax in the Supreme Court Mrs. Herzog is declared entitled to about $4,000,000.

Bonilla's Forces Near Honduras Capital.

Panama.—Advices received from Honduras by way of San Salvador state that the forces under General Davila, which are supporting General Bonilla, President-elect of Honduras, who is seeking to overthrow General Sierra, the retiring President, have occupied the town of San Antonio, eighteen miles from the capital.

FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICAN TRUST SYSTEM

Noted Financier in Paris Takes Our Combines as His Lecture Topic.

THINKS THAT THEY WILL ULTIMATELY FAIL

Overcapitalization Is the Great Danger That Must Sooner or Later Lead to Collapse—Urges All Europe to Raise Tariff Walls.

Paris.—Pierre Des Essars, director of economic studie at the Bank of France, delivered a lecture on the American trusts Sunday. The assemblage gathered to hear him included a number of financiers and students of economics and was presided over by M. Hausser, chief engineer of the Southwestern Railway.

M. Des Essars lectured on an internal organism of trusts rather than a discussion of their merits and demerits. He based his remarks on the report of the Industrial Commission at Washington and took as the nearest French analogy to the American combinations the Comptoir de Longey, which controls the iron mines and furnaces in Eastern France, and pointed out that the concern had not yet exercised any detrimental influence on the iron industry. He noted the fact that the American trusts had grown up contemporaneously with the protective system, and said that the International Marine Company was not a harmful organization and would perhaps prove a beneficial one.

The speaker declared his belief that the American combinations would come to grief because of overcapitalization, so that what harm they did would be adjusted. Trusts, he continued, were advantageous when they cheapened products for the consumer, but were dangerous when they formed corners which brought about a rise of prices. The remedy for the trust menace to foreign markets was the raising of the tariffs in the countries affected and also the levying of countervailing duties.

M. Des Essars praised American workmen who, he remarked, compensated for the higher wages they received by giving their employers a larger output. He concluded by expressing the opinion that the inability of the American national banks to control and avert a financial crisis could be remedied by the adoption of the procedure followed by the Bank of France.

Seventy-Year Old Man Marries a Little Girl.

Portland, Or.—Age and youth were united in wedlock at Vancouver, Wash., when Edward Kopper, aged 70, a veteran of the Civil War, and Viola M. Strucken, aged 14, were made man and wife. The bridegroom is old and wrinkled, the bride a mere girl, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. He is the father of ten children, the youngest of whom is older than the new wife. But, most remarkable of all, was the feverish haste of the girl's mother to see the marriage through. Kopper, while old, is wealthy.

Chinese Highbinder Killed.

Portland.—As the result of a supposed highbinder war which is raging in Chinatown, Leung John was shot and killed, and the police are expecting additional trouble. Lee Wau, a member of a rival society, is thought to be the murderer. He is still at large and the police have no clue to his whereabouts. Leung John was shot in the back as he was leaving a Chinese rooming-house on Pine street. He died instantly.

A Fireman's Strike Throws Out Thousand Men.

Chicago.—One thousand employes of Selz, Schwab & Co., shoe manufacturers, were thrown out of employment on account of one fireman who struck for union wages. The lone fireman was being paid 12½ cents an hour, and upon his joining the Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen that union demanded that he be paid the union scale of 28½ cents an hour. The employes of the factory were notified that the plant would be closed until further notice.

Indiana Negro Runs Amuck.

Indianapolis, Ind.—John Willis and Mrs. Laura Jeffries, aged 19, were killed and Frank Rowden and Mrs. Lucy Coleman were shot through the right and left arm by Albert Wright at the home of Mrs. Coleman here. All are negroes. Wright is demented.

FOUR DEAF MUTES HEAR AN OPERA

By Means of Newly Invented Apparatus They Enjoy the Music and the Singing.

New York.—Four students from the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, three gilrs and a boy, listened to an opera at the Metropolitan, through "acousticon," the newly invented apparatus. They all heard the music and the singing distinctly, but could not catch the conversation. The deaf mutes enjoyed the music immensely.

At first nobody in the house noticed them particularly, but when the ear pieces of the apparatus had been adjusted and the receivers set up properly and they really began to hear music, attention was directed to them from all parts of the audience. In the beginning their faces showed mere surprise and astonishment, but that expression wore away gradually, and as they began to realize and appreciate what was happening, their faces beamed with joy.

The deaf and dumb pupils were in charge of W. A. Van Tassell, an instructor in the institute. They were in a box about half way back in the house.

Ice Gorge Blocks Flow of Niagara.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—The wide channel between the American shore and Goat island, known as the American falls, was almost dry Sunday. The shallowness of the water was due to an immense jam at the head of Goat island. The ice started to jam in the rapids above the falls in the afternoon, and by night only a few small rivulets of water were flowing over the American side of the falls. The park was crowded with people watching the unusual sight, while the people on the Canadian side were attracted by the thunder of three times the normal amount of water passing over the brink of the Horseshoe falls. Several persons walked across the almost dry bed of the river.

CHINESE CITIES TO BE OPEN TO TRADE.

New Treaty Gives to Americans Important Commercial Advantages.

Shanghai.—The American and Chinese Commissioners have resumed their treaty negotiations, the Americans having withdrawn their objection in which they refused to negotiate unless the Chinese Commissioners were given fuller powers. The American commercial treaty, which has just been handed to the Chinese Commissioners, stipulates that Peking, Moukden and Takusan, near the Yalu river, be opened in the manner that the treaty ports are opened.

It provides for the safe guarding of commercial interests in Manchuria and for the abolition of the likin tax and all native customs stations excepting those on the frontier. It provides also that the tax on imports shall be 10 per cent; that no further taxes shall be imposed on exports, the maximum being 7½ per cent; that there shall be no interference with the Chinese tax on their own goods; that no tax shall be imposed upon salt or opium when these products are declared at the customs stations; that the taxes on these commodities be collected at the places of production and that Americans have the right to obtain mining lands anywhere in China. Provision is made in the treaty for the protection of trademarks and copyrights.

It is reported here that the Russian financial advisor has been appointed a member of the board of revenue at Peking.

First Death Recorded from Lorenz's Method.

Philadelphia.—For the first time, as far as surgical history goes, a patient has died from an operation for congenital dislocation of the hips after the bloodless method introduced by Professor Lorenz. The patient, an eight-year-old girl, was operated upon. Although the surgeons did not succeed in reducing the dislocation, no fatal result was anticiapted from the operation, but the child was later seized with convulsions and died a short time after.

Suicide of Grave Digger.

Nevada City.—Ben Johnson, a noted character for many years in Nevada City and for a long time grave digger in the Pine Grove Cemetery, was found dead in his cabin at the graveyard. On the table close by was a glass partly filled with strychnine crystals, evidently the cause of his death. Johnson was 75 years old and leaves a wealthy daughter in Los Angeles.

KILLS CHILDREN AND HERSELF.

Terrible Act of a Frenzied Mother in a Small Village in Massachusetts.

Sturbridge, Mass.—A frenzied mother, in the little hamlet of Fiskdale, after cutting off every means of escape by fastening windows and doors, crushed in the heads of her four little children with an ax, threw their bodies into a closet, scattered oil over them and herself and then, after setting all on fire, closed her awful work and her own life by cutting her throat.

It was Mrs. Peter Burke, the wife of a machinist in an auger factory, who committed the deed. Her victims were: Lilla, 6 years old; William, 5 years; Louise, 1½ years, and May Rose, 5 months old.

That the woman had previously shown signs of mental derangement seems to be admitted, but that it should have taken such a violent form was not even thought of by her husband or her relatives.

Suicide of a Postal Clerk.

Los Angeles.—Henry M. Thompson, a clerk at a sub-station of the Los Angeles Postoffice, was found dead in a lodging-house on East Fifth street the other day. The man had committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid. Thompson took a room at the lodging-house and asked that he be not disturbed, as he wished to sleep late. Failing to get a reply to repeated knocks later on, the landlord forced the door and found Thompson dead. The reason for the suicide is not known by Thompson's acquaintances.

Six Drowned in a Collision.

Philadelphia.—Five men of the crew of the tug Pilot of this city were drowned in a collision between the tug and the steamship Winifred in the Delaware river off Marcus Hook, Pa. The remaining three members of the crew were saved.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice.

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The powers are very powerful, of course, but the sick man of Europe is a curiously uncertain patient.

It is said that Captain Hobson cannot see very well. He never failed to detect the presence of the ladies.

An exchange says: "Cremation is making strides." We have always supposed ashes were its specialty.

Young Mr. Rockefeller had his assessment reduced from $500,000 to $30,000. No wonder he believes in kind words.

Why not "manywhere"? Shouldn't the people who own the language be allowed to add to it anyhow and anywhen they choose?

From all accounts the Mormon Church is enough to make other political organizations look like the proverbial thirty cents.

The London Standard says the negro question is one of danger to the United States. The Standard is coming very close to the bull's-eye.

A woman horsewhipped her husband "because she loved him." It is harrowing to think what she might have done if she had disliked him.

Lord Beresford's assertion that "warships are cheaper than war" is an epigram that should take its place alongside that one about the ounce of prevention.

President Eliot has much to say about the decline in the birth rate, yet his university keeps turning out bachelors and putting a premium on bachelor degrees.

The tobacco raisers of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana are going to form a trust. This may make it necessary to depend upon Wisconsin and Connecticut for our real Havanas.

The postal authorities of Germany have decided that automobiles in the service are a failure. Evidently the official grew tired of sending out horses to draw the crippled machines in for repairs.

President Eliot of Harvard complains that the graduates of that institution are not becoming the fathers of enough children. This seems to indicate that they are marrying into the very best circles.

A Baltimore girl has married a man whom she had arrested for picking her pocket. Perhaps she thinks a fellow who is able to find a woman's pocket without assistance will be a handy fellow to have around the house.

An English visitor complains that the floors in America are cold and the ceilings hot. Then let the English gentleman stand on his hands on the center table and rest his stockinged feet against the ceiling. To do this and keep one's monocle in place is art.

Lincoln used to laugh heartily at the dictum of an amateur inventor exhibiting a new gun: "A gun ought not to recoil; if it recoiled at all, it ought to recoil a little forrud." How his ability to smile revealed this great man's masterfulness is not yet fully realized.

The president of the New York Clothiers' Association recently defined "pants" as "trousers under three dollars a pair." Not a bad definition, and yet, as the New York Sun declares, it falls a little short of absolute accuracy, because there are poor but proud legs that condescend to "mark-downs" and "great fire sale" garments and still wear trousers; and there are also well-to-do men, all unworthy of their tailors, who pay twelve and fourteen dollars for "pants."

Mrs. Eastman, who is herself a preacher, probably would object to a personal application of her theory that preachers who reach the age of 50 should be taken out and shot. A well-known local literary cuss has long maintained the doctrine that all men who get to be 45 years old ought to be executed because they become satisfied with the status quo and thus impede progress, but the gentleman himself is now considerably past the age specified and evinces a disposition to linger on for forty-five years more if possible. Theory and practice are not always conjoined.

An employer who had attended a free lecture on hygiene recently supplied fresh air to a workroom where some dressmakers had long served in a close atmosphere. After a few days the women complained that the fresh air gave them such appetites that they had to pay a third more for their meals, and that unless wages were increased they would prefer to go back to the close atmosphere. Investigation showed that the women had accomplished more work in the ventilated room than ever before. The employer wisely raised wages, and has since added better lights to the improved ventilation.

In the yard of Jacob Abbott's country home, a favorite playground for his grandchildren and their friends, stood a square stone bearing this notice: "If any child gets cross and sulky and cries, he can go and sit on the 'crying stone' just as long as he wants to, and cry it out." So whenever a boy or girl did sulk, Dr. Lyman Abbott records, all the rest of the children would clamor, "To the crying stone! to the crying stone!" and seldom did any child take advantage of that place provided. There are grown people who voluntarily put themselves in such doleful prominence that one longs to try the effect of a public crying stone on them. Stationed in a conspicuous place and ordered to "cry it out," they might be shamed into reforming their dispositions.

Horace Greeley's advice to "go West" has been followed until the West is merged in the far East, and the young man still goes on. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the benefactor of Western colleges, repeats the advice with added details. "Get Western land," he said to a young man recently starting in life. "Get land with coal under it; get pasture land where cattle can be grazed; get meadow land and tillable land. Buy all you can and hang on to it. Then go to work. Go to stay, and do not be disheartened by hardships. Go where there is not a railroad for sixty miles and you have to enter on horseback. The railroad will soon follow, and those who fight hard will come out on top. Mining, agriculture, lumbering, grazing—all branches are full of promise." The advice which means health as well as wealth is given by one who knows.

Women are still the curious sex. They "want to know" many things which do not awaken the least desire in the mind of a mere man. For instance, if Mary had missed the ten minutes past eleven train, at what time might she have taken another train? Why does not the telephone management employ a pleasant-voiced person to talk with the graphophone? Why does the postoffice insist on the prepayment of postage on Christmas parcels? Why do hens stop laying as soon as the price of eggs goes up? These and similar queries will receive serious consideration from a woman, even on her busiest day, and she may work out answers to them which will satisfy herself. But beyond these comparatively superficial questions, there lies a great tract of individual human experience, unexplored and apparently unexplorable. This is the region of unsatisfied curiosity, and to a woman it is a tempting but irritating country. How does she actually look to her friends? The story of the mirror or the photograph is familiar to her. But the mirror, she knows by its reversing trick, disguises a countenance almost beyond recognition. The sun's transcript is softened by a flattering human touch. The portrait painter is incapable of the cold truth. So the woman is forced to give over the attempt to satisfy her curiosity as to the image she produces on the retina of her friends. Then there is the large matter of love-making. Is it not trying, considering how fascinating the subject is, that a woman should know only how one man makes love—or, at most, two, or three, or six men? Can feminine nature endure that she should know how an even smaller number of men conduct that most difficult of affairs, the offer of marriage? Students of Shakspeare are likely to be surprised when they find that according to that great diviner of human nature, the first word about marriage fell from the lips of Juliet and Miranda—not from those of Romeo and Ferdinand. Was Shakspeare right? What part do women really play in that critical and exciting moment? Alas! the answer to that question lies still deeper in the inaccessible land of unsatisfied curiosity.

He Got Up.

There is a keen knowledge of human nature in the following bit of fun from the Lewiston Journal, but no more than might be expected from a down-east tavern-keeper who has had a long experience with autumnal sportsmen, of whom many are called, but few get up.

A mighty hunter from Boston recently "put up" at a quaint little Maine hostelry, and left word in the office that he wished to be called at half past four in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door.

"All righ'! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilts.

"You get up here now, and sign this receipt!" commanded Uncly Cy.

"Receipt! What receipt?" demanded a very wide-awake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly.

"Wal," grunted Uncle Cy, "I don't calkerlate to have ye humping down to the office at eight o'clock, declaring that ye ain't been called!"

A Safe Proceeding.

Lord Lyons, English minister at Washington during the Civil War, and afterward ambassador to France, was a diplomatist to the core. He was exceedingly tactful in action, and had the rare art of keeping his own counsel.

When Sir Edward Blount called upon him one day at the embassy in Paris, he found that a well-known journalist had preceded him. The visitor was laying down the law in a loud tone, and when, after his departure, Sir Edward was received, he took the liberty of saying:

"May I be allowed to ask it if is quite wise to discuss state secrets in such a loud tone? I heard every word that was said, my lord, as I sat in the anteroom."

"Ah!" said Lord Lyons. "But even then you could not hear what I said, for I said nothing."

Girls in Bull Fights.

It is becoming quite usual for girls to take part in bull fights in Spanish cities.

When people ask your moral support, it is a sign they have concluded you will not give any money.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Universal Language.

A COMMITTEE which was appointed by a congress of scholars at Paris some time ago to consider the question of an auxiliary international language has made a report and begun an active propaganda. The members have decided to work upon the principle that all civilized nations should agree upon one particular language to use in written and oral communications between persons of different mother tongues.

The project of a universal language is no new thing. It has haunted the minds of scholars for centuries. Once Latin was practically such a language. For diplomatic uses, French long served the purpose. But Latin is now out of the question, and neither French nor any other modern tongue could be agreed upon. International jealousies and antipathies would make that impossible. There are few attachments stronger than the attachment to one's native tongue; few feuds so lasting as language feuds.

The alternative, of course, is the creation of a new language. But it is hard to see what the promoters of the new movement can do that was not done by the originators of "Volapuk" a score of years ago. There were optimists who thought that the dream of a universal language was realized in "Volapuk." It was beautifully constructed. Nothing could be more simple or regular. It drew its vocabulary from both the Teuton and Romance languages. There were Volapuk grammars, lexicons, text-books, and the movement seemed likely to carry everything before it. And then, all at once, it halted. Who has heard of Volapuk for a dozen years?

The new experiments, like the old, are sure to furnish fresh proof of the great fact that languages are not to be made offhand. They are the product of growth, and of slow growth, and the process can rarely be even assisted, much less supplanted.—Boston Journal.

Changes in English Pronunciation.

IN a recent number of the Nineteenth Century it is shown by Mr. C. L. Eastlake that important changes are taking place in the pronunciation of English by the English, and not always for the better. The clipping of the final "g" was formerly regarded in England, as in Maryland, as an inexplable sin, but it has now become the mode, it is stated, to say "mornin'," "puddin'," "huntin'" and the like. In London father, we are told, has become "fathah," mother "mothah," and a good fellow is debased into a "fellah." A London paper disputes this, but has to confess that "awf'ly jolly" is of universal application, like our "all right." Various pronunciations once in vogue among "the best circles" are now barbarous.

For example, it was not over 100 years ago, according to Mr. Eastlake, when an educated Englishman of the best society could say "dook" for duke, and "Toosday" for Tuesday. Captain MacMurdo, of the Life Guards, a crack corps, called Rawdon Crawley "Old Stoopid." Earl Russell was always "obleeged," never obliged. Pope, who prided himself on his correct use of words, rhymed Rome with doom, join with line, obey with tea and mead with shade. "Axe," we are assured, was the original form of ask, and is not so ridiculous in the mouth of the uneducated as some persons think, being a survival. A dish of "tay," instead of tea, is similarly of respectable ancestry. As for Mr. Weller's use of w for v—"wittles," for example, for victuals—it, too, according to Mr. Eastlake, has a history, being traced to the French silk weavers who settled in London after the Edict of Nantes. They could not negotiate the w, and all cockneydom was affected by their misuse of the letter. In excuse for the g which Thackeray found so very ridiculous when added to French words ending in n, the writer cites the fact that French dictionaries, published not long ago, print angfang and maintenong as the phonetic equivalent of enfin and maintenant. He suggests that the g here used is a survival which such words as loin (Latin longus) makes intelligible. It is evidently dangerous to laugh at the supposed error of speech of the uneducated poor, since they often represent the good usage of an older, if not a better, day.—Baltimore Sun.

Passing of the Steam Engine.

IS the steam engine to follow the mastodon into extinction? It is still less than a century since "Puffing Billy" made that amazing journey from Stockton to Darlington, and judging by the life of things we might have assumed that the progeny of "Puffing Billy" had centuries of triumph before them. But even now the doom approaches. Electricity, whose essence still defies analysis, but which we treat with a familiarity that is in proportion to our ignorance of its nature, has come to claim the field.

The deposition of the steam engine, the supreme triumph and the truest symbol of the nineteenth century, is only the most striking of many evidences of how soon things become obsolete in these breathless days. A century ago the stage coach still rumbled leisurely over the King's highway, and "post haste" was the word that conveyed the maximum of human motion. For centuries the pace of a horse and the condition of the roads had been the measure of the means of communication on land, and the breadth of sail and the rate of the wind had been the measure of speed at sea. There was a sense of finality about these things. Our forefathers doubtless looked forward to an endless vista of winter evenings lit by a rushlight, and saw in the stage coach and the sailing boat the last word on the subject of motion. They lived in a world fixed and unchangeable. We, on the other hand, live in a world that is full of surprises. We literally do not know what a day may bring forth. The new becomes old before the bulk of the people have sampled its virtues, and one is in danger of being ever in the rearward of the fashions.

When most of us were young the ordinary bicycle was still the wonder of the countryside—the latest and last utterance of modern mechanism. What a succession of safeties and cushion tires and pneumatic tires and other miraculous inventions fills the intervening space, and now behold the bicycle itself is almost supplanted by the motor-car and the motor-bicycle. And so we move from change to change, and the whole outward appearance and equipment of life alters yearly.

The passing of the steam engine but falls in with the spirit of a time when, in a very literal sense, "change and decay in all around we see." When it is finally delivered over to the scrap heap there will be no tears of sentiment shed over it, and yet there is a certain pathos and tragedy in its fall. For, as we have said, the steam engine is a symbol as well as a practical achievement, and its disappearance will symbolize the passing of much besides itself. —London Daily News.

A Coalless Age.

WE suppose there can be little doubt that all the coal and coal oil in the earth will be exhausted in two hundreds years at the present rate of per capita consumption. Natural gas will go much sooner than that. Wood will not do for a dependency because of its ill adaptation to many purposes for which other fuel products are employed and for the further reason that the destruction of the forests would produce unendurable calamities. But all that does not necessarily mean that a coalless age, and the absence of natural gas and kerosene will be destitute of heating facilities; that there will be no heat for domestic uses, for manufacturing, and for transportation.

Nature has made no such blunder as that. Nothing in the story of this earth furnishes ground for such an indictment of its Creator. The means of developing heat would be ample if all existing fuels were swept off the globe. The winds, waves and tides produce force enough to warm a thousand worlds if their motion were so controlled as to tax its heat-developing capacity. And there is exhaustless heat in the sun. Invention is not dead. Neither abstract nor physical science is going on the retired list. What has been accomplished even in the last few decades ought to banish any doubt of the capacity of man to overcome such an obstacle to progress as the exhaustion of fuel. Why may not stored heat from the sun take the place of coal? And who, in view of what we have before us in electrical science, has reason to doubt the feasibility of employing the force of the waves and tides to do all that the coal mines are now performing.—Washington Post.

Dawn of the Farmer's Day.

THE prices of agricultural products will never again fall to a low level. Capitalists, aware of the situation, are now reaching out to buy farm lands. They know there is no safer or better investment. Land cannot burn down. There is no element of risk in holding it. This investment has taken money by the millions away from New York. It will not return in the same volume as heretofore. The era of whilom cheap grain will never return. The Eastern fellows, for many years favored by class legislation, no longer have the advantage.

In time an intense feeling between the urban and the rural population may develop. The ruralist will be held responsible for prices that will be fixed by natural causes, and not by combinations, as will probably be charged.—Washington Times.

Health and Longevity.

WE regret to record the death of the Hon. Charles Kreck, of Allentown, Pa., at the age of 89. Sixty-one years ago Mr. Kreck applied for membership in an Odd Fellows' lodge and was rejected on account of his supposed bad health. Afterward he was accepted, and he survived all the members but one. A little dose of bad health in early life is often a help to long life. Rejected men live long sometimes, as any life insurance doctor will tell you. Indeed, the life insurance companies often do good to men whom they are compelled to reject. A man so rejected often changes his habits and takes better care of himself, and perhaps becomes a good risk. Besides, his obstinacy is awakened, and he tries to live to "spite" the company, which, after all, was right.—New York Sun.

REVENGE AFTER TWO YEARS.

Then the Drummer Got Even with a Faithless Competitor.

Drummers' stories are not so plentiful as they were years ago, in the days of slow trains, inefficient telegrams, and fierce rivalries between merchants, who under the present industrial system would probably be acting together in some sort of a combination. Here is a yarn from the South, however, which has some of the old flavor about it. Two drummers, Benson and Moore, became acquainted on the road, and though they were strong competitors they came to be the best of friends. They met at a hotel in Raleigh, N. C., one night, and conversation developed the fact that they intended to work the same towns on one of the roads leading out of Raleigh the next day. Both counted on working four towns before sunset.

It was in the summer time, and neither man was anxious for a contest of wits, so when Moore proposed a community of interests Benson eagerly accepted his proposition. There were seven towns, and they each took three, agreeing to meet at the seventh after the day's work was over. When they reached the seventh town they put up together in the same room at the leading hotel. Each had done a good day's business, but in order to keep in practice they decided to fight it out over the business in this town the next morning.

They went to sleep joking each other about the fight of the next day. Benson was a very heavy sleeper, but Moore promised to wake him at an early hour. He did not keep his promise. Benson awoke at 10 o'clock, to find Moore gone and the room locked tight. By the time he was able to get out and down town Moore had sold to every merchant in the place and caught the limited for Raleigh. It took Benson more than two years to get even. At last his opportunity came. Yellow fever was raging on the Gulf coast, and a shotgun quarantine had been established in southern Alabama. Benson landed in one of the best towns and learned Moore was to arrive next day. Without hesitation Benson informed the excited authorities of the town that a man who had been exposed to fever in a Mississippi town had declared his intention to defy the quarantine. He gave an accurate description of Moore, and the officials began to watch every up train. When Moore reached the town the next morning he was nabbed by the local authorities, placed in the pest house, and kept there for three days. In the meantime Benson secured all the business in every town in the surrounding section. Before leaving he wired Moore his congratulations, with a reference to "old times."—New York Evening Post.

RETORT TO THEATER TALKER.

Showing How a Little Wit Suppressed an Intolerable Nuisance.

They had been reading a Rolfe annotated edition of the play, and there was nothing in "Julius Caesar" that they were not perfectly familiar with. Before the performance was half through there was nothing that they knew which everybody within half a dozen rows did not hear about; for among the three of them—a man and two women—there were such capacities for conversation as are met with nowhere except in a theater.

In tones that alternately hissed and brayed and rasped till spinal columns all around them ached they told one another that Anthony was much better done than Brutus; that Portia would come on in a minute in the garden scene; that Casca was supposed to be a gruff old Roman; that Caesar actually did have fits—think of it! that it was a pity (this in a whisper that shivered far down the aisle and splintered at least a score of vertebrae) Roman ladies didn't wear corsets. So on, ad nauseam.

At last the ghost and the distraught Brutus met and there was a thrilled silence in all the crowded house save in row Q, where a strident voice complained:

"I can't hear a word the ghost says. Why doesn't he speak louder?"

A man behind the querulous disturber, quite beside himself with rage, leaned forward and said, in tones as courteously sweet as the sting of a honey bee:

"Perhaps the ghost is a gentleman and does not like to annoy people."

Which, of course, was very rude, says the New York Mail and Express, though it did fill many hearts with an unholy joy.

We have noticed that in a book or magazine article entitled "The Confessions of a Wife," or "The Confessions of a Doctor," or "The Confessions of a Lawyer," that not much is confessed.

Society seems to get along pretty well, considering that it is always getting shocked.

WEAK IN THE ALPHABET.

Some Letters that Men Can Never Learn to Make.

"Why is it that with some men some letters of the alphabet are harder to make than others, and in fact that there are some letters that some men never learned how to make?" asked a young man who takes considerable interest in the matter of handwriting, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It is a rather singular fact that nearly every man, outside of the experts, is weak on one or more of the letters in the English alphabet. Sometimes the letter involved is a capital letter, sometimes it is of the smaller kind. Sometimes it is one letter and sometimes another. In any event, you will find few men who are exempt from the failing referred to. I know of one man who, in spite of the fact that he does a great deal of writing, has never learned how to make a capital P. He simply makes a stagger at it, and as a rule the result of his efforts will look more like a small p than like the capital P. I know another man who can't make a small f to save his life. He can never get the lower part of the letter below the line. He makes it look like a club-footed b instead of an f. There are others who, when they try to make the small b, give it the long shank, and it looks more like the letter f. It is rather singular that these traits should hang on to a man's writing for a lifetime, but they do it just the same, and if you make a few inquiries among your friends and acquaintances you will find that but few of them are exempt from this fault. It is very much like the habit of spelling certain words incorrectly. Many men who are rated as first-class spellers pass through life without ever in a single instance spelling certain words correctly. It is due to habit largely. If you should ask them how to spell the word they would tell you. But when they go to write it, that is quite different, and they will get it wrong every time. So they know, too, how certain letters should be made, but they simply can't put them down on paper. It is a curious, but common fault."

FIRST WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER.

Learned the Art from Daguerre Half a Century Ago.

Miss Mary Anne Meade of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has just died, was the first photographer in New York. She was born in London, England, on Dec. 9, 1826. At about this time Louis Daguerre made his first experiments in photography, and Miss Meade's two brothers, becoming interested in his discovery, journeyed to Paris to learn the art. While in the inventor's company they had the honor of taking the first photograph of Daguerre, which is now preserved in the Smithsonian institution in Washington, D. C.

At the age of 18 Miss Meade's family came to the United States and made their home in Albany. Here brothers and sister practiced the art of Daguerre, and in 1840 opened a studio at 233 Broadway, Manhattan. Photography was then coming to be a popular fad and was no longer in an experimental stage, so that it was not long before the establishment became famous.

Through photography Miss Meade met many famous people. She treasured an autograph given her by Charles Dickens through an acquaintance made with him at the studio. Of the stage folk of the time, she knew Lester Wallack, Edwin Booth, Jenny Lind and the famous Lola Montez, who fled from Bavaria to find a home in this country. Indeed, almost every famous person who visited the metropolitan district during the career of the studio selected her gallery for their pictures.

With the success of her gallery other competitors soon entered the city, and after her brothers died she gave up the business, about 1860. Seventeen years ago she went to Brooklyn and has since then been a constant resident of the borough. Oddly enough, although always intensely interested in photography, she never sat for a portrait after she was 25.

Picturesque Names of Wales.

Wales is making a gallant effort to invent new names for its Joneses, Owenses, Evanses and so on. There is a certain town in which the caretaker of the gas works is called Davies. He came to be known as Mr. Davies the Gas. Hsi sons were known as John Gas and William Gas, and now that they have started business for themselves they are advertised as John Gas Davies and William Gas Davies. Another odd name is Topshop Jones. That shop at the top of the street will beget a name to puzzle the historians of the twenty-fifth century.

Beautifying Slot Machine.

A beautifying automatic machine is the latest slot novelty that is now to be seen in Berlin. The machines are to be placed in dressing rooms at dancing halls, in cafes, on railway stations, and like places where people congregate. You drop your money in the slot, and in return you receive powder, eyebrow pencil, lip pomade, rouge and other adpuncts to female beauty. With the aid of a mirror one's money's worth can then be satisfactorily used.

It Accommodated Burglars.

A placard reading "Will Not Return Until December 3," placed upon the door of a residence in West Philadelphia, was so informing to burglars that when the family did return at the date fixed they found the house ransacked, and silverware, jewelry and much clothing missing. The police were notified, but the thieves had not been so accommodating and left no hints on their part.

When a man feels particularly youthful, he shows it by going out and breaking into some boy's game.

Topics of the Times

Good morrow. How many children are you the father of?

Santos-Dumont is now figuring in a divorce case. Perhaps the lady thinks he is too fly.

The government might be able to sink a good deal of money, judging from the submarine-boat scandal.

The German Empress is now having her dresses made in Paris. This looks like a bad slap at the "Made-in-Germany" tag.

A woman with a new dress that is becoming isn't satisfied until the man she likes best or the woman she likes least has seen it.

Love potions have figured in a New York divorce case. Every now and then the dark ages show signs of lingering animation.

Somebody has been forging J. Pierpont Morgan's name to checks and getting money on them. This is not only criminal but sacrilegious.

The worst thing that Dr. Eliot and Dr. Shrady have done is to let loose a horde of irresponsible, meddlesome and highly imaginative statisticians.

Over in Russia a large number of writers have demanded the abolition of the press censor. Let us hope they have their furs ready for the trip to Siberia.

The Minnesota physicians hold that those with weak hearts should be restrained from kissing. The inhibition should also include those with strong breaths.

When little Prince George of Wales was baptized the other day he yelled like a young wild cat and seemed to be half scared to death. Royalty has to grow on a person, like whiskers.

There is talk in France of reviving the Dreyfus case with a view to fully rehabilitating the former prisoner of Devil's Island. Evidently the French military authorities deal out justice on the installment plan.

"Have the courage of your ignorance and never be ashamed to say that you don't know," is the motto of a man who is continually learning. Indeed, the first step toward knowledge is to be conscious of ignorance.

It is much easier to "say kind things" than to come out boldly on questions which concern the public weal. Saying "kind things" is well enough, but there are occasions when the mealy-mouthed person becomes tiresome to everybody.

When a man who ruined himself by being a "good fellow" runs away and then comes back to pay his debts he gets a column on the first page; but the thousands of other men who are such good fellows that they pay right along have to wait to get an agate notice in the obituary column.

Max Nordau inclines to the belief that the American people are degenerates. What makes his opinion the more interesting is the fact that he has gracefully narrowed this thing down until he now holds that he is about the only fellow in the vineyard who is not a degenerate, whereat the rest of the world seems somewhat reassured.

There is a great tendency in the present time towards eager pursuit of luxurious living. Every man seems straining every nerve to outdo some one else in showy appearance. He builds his house, not for comfort and convenience, but to have it cost more and make more imposing appearance than his neighbor. Dress, furnishing, equipages, style of living or giving of entertainments are all based upon how they will strike other people rather than what will gratify one's own personal tastes. If we would have a more real foundation to our prosperity as a nation we need to seek greater simplicity in our lives.

When you go to Europe you may now travel by rail from the head of the Gulf of Bothnia to the Atlantic, as the road connecting the iron mines of Sweden with Victoria Haven, one of Norway's open ports on the ocean, has been completed. For two hundred and thirty miles, or nearly its whole length, the road lies north of the Arctic circle. It has a station on that imaginary line, and as the trains approach it the brakeman calls out: "Next stop is Polar Circle!" and the passengers alight and telegraph to their friends from this interesting spot. The road would not have been extended but for the fact that the Gulf of Bothnia freezes over in the winter, making it impossible to ship ore for more than four or five months each year. Now Germany and England can get Swedish ore every month.

Publications that sedulously report the doings of society as represented by the rich bring the cheerful tidings that invalidism and idleness have gone out of fashion. It is not good form, they say, for a woman to be "delicate" or for a man to be without occupation. Therefore he has ceased to decorate the club windows, and she, having taken up some outside interest befitting her renewed vigor, no longer sleeps late, but is ready to begin the business of the day seasonably. My lady's athleticism seems to be reflected in the fashions for 1903, if it did not even shape them. High collars, tight sleeves and trailing street gowns have "gone out," and loose gloves and shoes are worn. Perhaps it is because she has learned to care for her body that the millionaire's wife has revised the fashion sof dinner-giving also. No modern hostess thinks of offering twelve or fifteen courses or serving six or eight wines. Indeed, it is asserted that society continually grows more temperate, and in one sense at least this is true, for the dinner-table is no longer overloaded with silver or banked high with flowers. Simplicity is the law, and simplicity tends towards temperance. All these new fashions are in the direction of improvement. So, above all, is the increasing tendency, noted by society reporters, to frown upon gossip as not being "good form." Probably the truth is that it never was, but that it flourished because people had nothing to do. When society took a notion to be busy there was no time to talk about other people's affairs, nor was there inclination so to do. In some more degenrate age society may recede from this position, as it has receded in the past. But although that rule of conduct, not to be idle and not to gossip, may cease to be good form, it will never be anything but good sense.

Isn't this "young-man's age" business being a bit overdone? You can't pick up a newspaper that doesn't contain some allusion to the achievements of the modern youth, while Roosevelt and Emperor William have furnished enough inspiration for young-man editorials to float a battleship. We have forgotten history. Every age since the dawn of civilization has been the young man's age. It was so in the beginning, and it will always be so. It is the part of youth to do things. Over a century ago Charles James Fox, at 20, was Lord of the English Admiralty. He was dissolute and tricky, but keen and able. His rival, William Pitt, managed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer at 23 and was a Premier of England at 24. Prince Edward, at the age of 16, fought at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, and led the English army to great victory at 24. At 16 Mozart was director of the Archbishop of Salzburg's orchestra. Remember that, you who marvel at the youth of Hoffman and Kubelik. David, the shepherd boy, was a king at 18, and James Watt made possible the steam engine while a boy. Rafael had finished his masterpiece at 33 and Cortez was master of Mexico at 36. Patrick Henry was a leader at 29, and Schubert, he of the beautiful melodies, was in his grave at 31. Napoleon, a self-made man, swept the Austrians from Italy before he was 29. He had his foot on Europe's neck while he was still a young man. Alexander conquered Persia at 25, and Keats, the hostler's son, was singing sweet songs at 20. Burns had done his work at 37 and Byron died at the age of 36. There isn't any end to the list. It should encourage the young man of today. Fame and greatness have been for those who would win them in all times. To-day there are more opportunities than at any time in the world's history. We haven't so many great warriors, but our Napoleons are great in the fields of industry and the arts of peace, and none the less truly great if history shall have no page for them and coming generations forget their names.

THEY DETECTED THE ODOR.

Bottle Contained Nothing But Distilled Water; Imagination Did the Rest.

Two bright young men attended a lecture in the city a few days past, the lecturer's subject being one dealing with the rather occult features of the mind as exemplified in physical phenomena. After giving several demonstrations of how fraud might be practiced in such matters, the speaker stated that he had in his possession a small bottle containing a chemical agent of wonderful properties.

This bottle, he said, he would uncork and use as a test of the sensitiveness of the audience to telepathic impressions. The test consisted in being able to detect the odor of the chemical, which was liquid. Those who could detect the odor were sensitives, and those who could not were, to borrow the language of Shakespeare, fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.

It was at this point that the two young men, or one of them, made good. He began to smell immediately, and regaled his companion with sundry rib jabs and remarks on the strength of the odor about.

But his friend was from "Missouri," and had to be shown. His olfactory nerves responded to no sensation. According to the terms of the lecturer's request those who smelled held up their hands.

After a number of hands had been raised the bottle was recorked, but this man was so very sensitive that he could even then detect the odor, and said so.

When, after a little further talk, the speaker announced that the bottle contained nothing but distilled water, the young man lowered his head as well as his hand, and was quiet. But even now he is sensitive on the subject.—Memphis Scimitar.

Lacking in Experience.

"How many years does it take a woman to learn not to talk to her husband while he's shaving?"

"I don't know. I've only been married eight years.'—Pittsburg Dispatch.

We wish we knew a wooden legged man well enough to ask if he takes his leg off when he goes to bed.

When it comes to helping the poor, actions speak louder than words.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DANGERS OF COMBINATION.

By Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.

DR. ABBOTT.

We still hear the question, "Shall labor be organized?" It must be. Modern conditions cannot exist without such organization. I do not know whether there was a garden of Eden, but I do know that to go back to Adam would be going backward, not forward. The real question before us to-day is, "Shall labor be autocratically or democratically organized? Shall thousands of workmen take what the master prescribes and not have a voice in the decision as to the hours of labor, the wages and its conditions? Has not labor a head and arms and legs? When a labor union demands recognition, it may desire a brief display of authority, but at bottom is its declaration of a right to speak in its own behalf. I believe that the demand of labor is right. Labor organizations must be democratic, not autocratic. The object of the great labor organizations is to say itself what shall be its hours of labor, the conditions and the wages. The phenomenon of trades unions is not to be measured by an unreasonable demand of one of them.

There are dangers in great combinations of wealth, and there are dangers in great combinations of labor. What we want is to get rid of the abuse of power and the incompetent use of power when it gets into the hand of the demagogue. Because there are bosses and demagogues in politics we do not propose to abolish political organizations, but rather to rid them of bosses and demagogues.

STATE AID FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

By Dr. Biggs, Bacteriologist, of New York.

I have always felt that much harm has been done by calling tuberculosis a contagious disease. It causes confusion in the lay mind, because the popular conception of a contagious disease is connected with such diseases as scarlet fever and small-pox, in which very limited contact may result in infection. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the fact that consumptives are a source of danger chiefly through the sputum, and if this were destroyed the most intimate contact with tubercular patients is free from danger.

The frequent occurrence of several cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in a family is to be explained not on the supposition that the disease itself has been inherited, as this is of exceedingly rare occurrence, but that it has been produced after birth by direct transmission from some affected individual. The house which has been occupied by consumptives may have been infected, and if parents are affected their relations with their children are favorable for the transmission by direct contact.

It may be safely estimated that there are at present in New York City 30,000 cases of tuberculosis in a stage of the disease in which it could be easily vanquished by a competent physician. The State is annually spending many millions for the care of the insane, and while this is absolutely necessary for humanitarian reasons I have no hesitation in saying that far greater returns would be obtained from the expenditure of one-fourth the amount on the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. I have no doubt that measures first begun in a small way in this city fifteen years ago have resulted in saving the lives of 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE TIMID SUITOR.

By Helen Oldfield.

Custom ordains that a man may choose while a woman must wait to be chosen; consequently, it behooves a modest maiden to guard against betraying her preference for any man who has not first openly shown his decided preference for her. Even then, if she is wise, she will be careful; it man's nature to pursue, and he is prone to resent any assumption of his masculine prerogative. The woman who, as the phrase is, runs after the men, is usually the woman from whom men flee, and the quarry whom she eventually captures is in most cases not worth the trouble of pursuit.

Still, there is moderation in all things. Men with proper self-respect object to being snubbed. No gentleman will persist in attentions to any woman who gives him plainly to understand that such attentions are distasteful. Common sense as well as courtesy forbids it. It is only in novels that men insist upon marrying wives who manifest open dislike for them, and who freely avow their aversion upon the housetops.

A clever woman, not inordinately vain, as even clever women sometimes are, can almost invariably distinguish between mere admiration and the warmer feeling which is the root of love. Moreover, admiration frequently blossoms into love if it be gently handled and wisely cultivated. The woman who possesses the sixth sense, which men name tact, will know by intuition just how and when to encourage a diffident admirer; how and where to allow a timid suitor to perceive that she prefers his attentions to those of other men, without advertising that preference to outsiders or disgusting her suitor by her boldness.

ADVANTAGE OF HAVING BROTHERS.

By Marion F. Mowbray.

It is an indisputable fact that the girl who grows up with plenty of brothers has a great advantage in knowing and understanding men when she arrives at years of discretion. What is more important, such a girl is much more companionable to a man. If young men exercise any thought when choosing their sweethearts they cannot do better than select a girl with brothers. The girl who has lacked brothers in her early life does not get used to that untrammeled attitude toward men which is a second nature with the girls who are brought up in a houseful of boys. Indeed, tomboyism in a young girl is perhaps the best education which she can have in the days of her girlhood.

There is a give-and-take attitude in the girl who has brothers, something more than a possible feeling of comradeship, and the certain knowledge that, because a man pays her some attention, it does not follow that he means marriage, or has "serious intentions," to use the words which old-fashioned mothers apply under such conditions. The girl, on the other hand, who has not had brothers, translates any civility as having an ulterior motive, especially if she is not quite so young as she used to be, and hopes to be married, for we know how often the wish is father to the thought. Then, anxious that the man should not see that she has any such idea, she at once endeavors to hide her thought. To do this, she adopts an unnatural attitude, and, so far from concealing her idea, she shows her hand.

The girl who is brought up with plenty of brothers, some older and some younger than herself, will have a chance to correct the defects of her education. If she has any sense she will learn to avoid these faults. She will insensibly acquire a pleasant, companionable manner with men, and she will know that they do not like stiff, self-conscious young women.

THE LAW OF GOOD TASTE.

By Lady Randolph Churchill.

The chief aims of art in dress should be either the artistic blending of colors, the clever effects that make beautiful the greatest simplicity or the most gorgeous and sumptuous raiment. For instance, what can be more simple than the classical Greek costume, or more magnificent than a Venetian sixteenth century robe? And yet both can impart dignity and grace to the modern wearer. To be perfect, the former requires as much thought, study and taste as the latter. Above all, to be suitably clad is the keynote of the successful twentieth century toilette. Since women have emulated men in the way of sport, and follow them on the moor, in the hunting field, on the golf links, and in the motor car, their dress has naturally become more practical. Any foolish fashion is certain to be short-lived nowadays. The abominable practice of wearing long skirts for the streets is dying out. Pretty as it is to see a summer dress negligently trailed over a smooth lawn jeweled with daisies, the sight of a woman dragging her gown in the street, sweeping up the filth and collecting millions of microbes, is a revolting spectacle; and yet with a long skirt the only alternative is to hold it up, a practice which induces cramp in the arm, as well as cold fingers in winter, and gives a decidedly ungraceful walk and attitude.

LIVES WITH THE PARIAHS.

American Millionaire Prefers a Residence Among Outcasts of Japan.

An eminent American alienist, Dr. Barr, records the most peculiar case of mental perversion ever known, he believes, in the history of the world. It i sthat of an American millionaire, who instead of living in luxury and ease among those of his own kin, has chosen to reside among the outcasts in far-away Japan. Many years ago he was one of the greatset specialists in America and was provided with vast sums of money for the purchase of such instruments and assistance as he needed.

His reputation was very great and he amassed a fortune of over $10,000,000. Then he took to dissipation, which soon led to his downfall and, though rich and handsome, with cultured and aesthetic tastes, he wandered away from the United States and took up a life of revolting excesses among the "hanins" or gravediggers and social outcasts of Japan.

He caused his body to be tattooed over every inch of its surface and after a time returned to America, exhibiting the work of the oriental tattoers to anyone who would care to look at it. A great dragon, perfectly shaded in every detail, adorned his back, while other designs were scattered over other parts of his body.

He was, however, cut by all his old friends and turned out of all the clubs, and subsequently returned to Japan, where, in the garb of one of the despised "hanins," he wandered about the country with a performing bear and a harem.

His next freak was to hire a squad of Japanese boys, practically buying them outright from their parents. He dressed them in miltary costume and opposed to them an equal number of trained monkeys, dressed as Chinese soldiers.

Then for his entertainment the Chino-Japanese war was constantly renewed. The contests were bloody and brutal and rewards were offered to the boys to urge them on to further atrocities.

While thus describing the life and doings of this strange specimen of humanity, Dr. Barr has taken the greatest pains to conceal the identity of the man and has so far succeeded.

ALASKA NOW THE GREAT NEW COUNTRY UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE public attention has been recently turned to Alaska by the announcement of a new discovery of gold on the headwaters of the Tanana, which may rival the Klondike; but regardless of such gold strikes the development of the great peninsula goes steadily on. This development is now so much a matter of course that we do not notice it any more than we notice the growth of one of the States. We have come to expect almost anything of Alaska. It has immense coal fields, oil fields of great promise, and forests extensive enough to supply the whole American demand for many years. The copper ores of Alaska are probably more extensive than such deposits in any other part of the world. It has only made a beginning in gold producing. Its fisheries are among the most profitable in the world, and daily the proof accumulates that portions of Alaska have great agricultural possibilities.

It is now asserted that the time is coming when there will be a million farmers and miners in the Copper Valley. The soil is deep and rich and is capable of yielding good crops of all the cereals, garden truck, and fruit; and the climate permits. There is an abundance of excellent grazing land, and cattle raising should become an important industry. In the Tanana Valley basin there are thousands of acres of excellent wild hay. "With the Alaskan railroad as a fact," writes an enthusiastic correspondent, "the immigration to Manitoba and other provinces in Canada will cease, as the Alaskan farmer with his natural advantages will become a successful competitor for the west coast trade."

The railroad referred to is that projected from Port Valdez to Eagle City on the Yukon and thence to Dawson City. The distance is 400 miles, or 175 miles less than by the Skaguay route. The engineering difficulties are few, and the abundance of timber will tend to reduce the cost. The contract for this road has been awarded to J. B. McDonald, of New York, who expects to put 5,000 men to work in the spring. At first it will run through an almost uninhabited country, but there is no possibility of developing this region without first providing transportation means.

Spontaneous Combustion.

Cotton waste moist with lard or other animal oil will ignite from the sun's rays. So will damp lampblack. Nitric acid and charcoal create spontaneous combustion. New printer's ink on paper when in contact with a hot steam pipe will ignite quickly. Boiled linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts on cotton or linen rags or cotton waste will ignite in a few hours under a mild heat, and will in time create enough heat to ignite spontaneously. Bituminous coal should not be stored where it will come in contact with wooden partitions or columns, or against warm boiler settings or steam pipes. This coal should not be very deep if it is to be kept on storage for a long period. If piled in the basement of a building it should be shallow and free from moisture and under good ventilation.

A man who works very hard is "talked about" almost as much as a loafer. He is said to be "greedy."

The more pious a man is, the more trouble he usually has in his church.

THE JEWEL CURE.

Ailments and Character Defects Remedied by Precious Stones.

If a young woman wears an amethyst she has an amulet against lightiness and folly, and may join in any frolicsome venture without fear of being led too far.

If she wears a sapphire she will be proof against deceitful suitors, no matter how artful their wooing may be. Certain varieties of the aqua marine likewise give the power to divine the thoughts of others, and have the desirable tint and qualities of sapphires.

If she gets possession of a ruby she has a charm against rheumatism and kindred diseases, and a prompter to vivacity and fascination of manner. Failing the ruby, the carbuncle and the garnet will exert a similar influence, quickening the circulation and warming the fancy.

In the turquoise the wearer has a talisman for self-possession. The gleaming blue gem will enable her to think clearly and keep her presence of mind under the most trying circumstances.

Olivines have electric properties, and conduce to ready wit and facility in conversation. The girl who wears these magic stones in brooch, neck chain or hatpin, is sure to be an animated, interested companion.

Emeralds are a spur to ambition and promote the spirit of a leader.

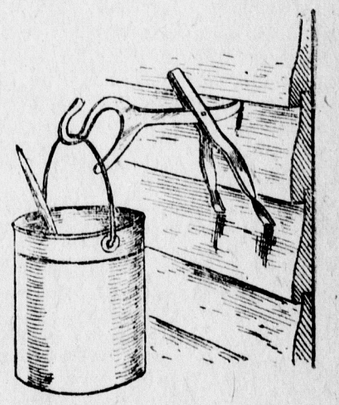
A piece of jade worn in the bracelet clasp or vinaigrette ring will exorcise bad luck even more effectively than the rabbit's foot or horseshoe. "As you wish," "whatever you will," are the inherent meanings of this stone so long associated with the sacred symbols of the Chinese.

In the moonstone the wearer has an aid to beauty and the gift of pleasing. Under this stone's influence she sees everybody and everything about her in the best aspect. The moonstone imparts magnetism and a gentle, elusive quality to the wearer. Some ancient writers believed the moonstone cured epilepsy; others that its powers waxed and waned with the moon; but all ascribed meaning and influence to it.

The topaz banishes melancholy and imparts serenity and a contented mind. —New York Sun.

SUPPORT FOR THE PAINT PAIL.

One has only to watch a painter at work, with his pail suspended from one of the rungs of the ladder, to understand the advantage of the painter's hook which we show in this picture. It is the idea of a New England man, and is designed to suspend the paint bucket within easy reach of the painter during the operation of painting houses or other buildings. The device embodies a horizontal lever, having one end turned up and formed into a wedge-shaped projection, with a hook on the opposite end, and a straddling, double-ended brace pivoted on the lever. The projecting, wedge-shaped end is fitted under the lower edge of the clapboard, the bucket of paint is suspended from the hook at the outer



FASTENS ON THE CLAPBOARDS.

end, and the brace rests against the board below, having sharp spurs to afford a firm seat in the wood. The weight of the paint bucket tends to keep the wedge-shaped projection pressed up under the board and the spurs on the brace firmly seated in the wood, and the heavier the bucket the more firmly the hook holds. In the drawing the hook is in place, with the pail suspended in position for work, being more convenient to dip the brush than if the pail were attached to the rung of a ladder and the painter had to reach around the upright to gain access to it.

Smart Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

A famous French painter had a fixed rule that none of his pupils were to be allowed to smoke in his atelier. One day, however, he came into the room, and distinctly saw that one of the pupils had a lighted cigarette in his fingers, which he was endeavoring ineffectually to conceal. With a style of somewhat heavy banter the painter went up to him and remarked: "That is a curious kind of pencil that you have got there, my young friend. May I ask what you propose to draw with it?" Clouds," was the ready answer, and the roar that went up from the other students plainly showed the artist that the sense of the house was against him, and he accepted the situation with tolerable grace.

Why He Laughed.

Mother—Johnny, I am ashamed of you! What did you mean by laughing and giggling at your dear uncle's funeral?

Johnny—Gee! I was so glad it wasn't my own.—Princeton Tiger.

The truth is that the long hair found on a husband's coat doesn't enter as often into family quarrels as visits from his wife's kin.

If you accomplish anything, you must do it in spite of the critics.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1903.

By all means let our Board of Supervisors pass a law to protect the songbirds. There are none too many and their slaughter should be stopped.

While our County law makers are in the ordinance making business, let them give the County a hack ordinance that will stand the test of law and oblige San Francisco hackmen to pay a revenue to help keep the roads they use, in repair.

The outlook for this growing town for the year 1903 is certainly very promising. The business at the Western Meat Company's stock yards and packing-house, at W. P. Fuller's Paint, Oil and Glass Works and the Steiger Pottery is constantly increasing, requiring more men and money. At the packing-house an addition is under way to enlarge the cold storage department. In the way of new business we have first the Jupiter Steel Company, with buildings in course of construction, and with promise of being ready for permanent business by midsummer. There is also the John Keating rock quarry, already employing some thirty men and which will require 100 when fully opened. The Butler Brick Company will reopen its plant for business this spring and employ some thirty men. There is also the blast test furnace going, which may blossom into an ore reduction plant. There is the incoming electric road to be built this season. The population of this place will in all probability double within the next twelve months. This is a good time to acquire real estate in South San Francisco.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

The smaller a man's business, the bigger his talk.

When a marriage is particularly silly it is usually also "romantic."

After people pass a certain age they tire of being questioned like children.

There are more co-respondents than polygamists in the world.

If you like any one, his mistakes are almost as easy to excuse as your own.

We hope the harp playing in heaven will not sound anything like the graphophone.

Using a compliment as a handle, there are mighty few doors that can't be pried open.

When a woman abuses a man she throws into her talk all she has against men in general.

Will it be proper to speak to others, when you get to heaven, before you have been introduced?

An education is a good thing, whether you acquire it in college or in the big school of experience.

It is a good thing for every woman to outlive her husband, so that she may have another chance of finding that the men are not all bad.—Atchison Globe.

Your Signature.

"I should be pleased to exchange cards with you, Mr. Barrow," said Charles Willips, extending his. They had met for the first time. "I'm sorry I have no cards with me," said Barrow. "Allow me to write my address in your memorandum book." "Do you know that is a very dangerous thing to do?" Willips remarked. "It cost me $240 once. I had the habit of carrying no cards and signing my name in a new friend's notebook, just as you are about to do in mine, always on a blank page. One day, after a convivial evening, I was presented with an I O U for that sum, duly signed by myself. It was impossible to dispute it. I had to pay up. But I have never since been so free with my autograph." "By George, I never thought of that!" cried Barrow. "Suppose you write my name down yourself."—New York Press.

Improving Upon Nature.

"What on earth are you doing in here, Tommy?" asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawkings, accompanied by a loud flapping of wings.

"I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this rooster so his alarm won't go off before 7 o'clock tomorrow morning."—Current Literature.

Business.

Merchant—Did you find out what that gentleman wanted?

New Clerk—No, but I found out what he didn't want.

Merchant—What? How dare you—

New Clerk—And I sold it to him.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE HAPPY WIFE.

You ask me why I'm happy when so
many wives complain,
And say their husbands only live to give
them endless pain.
My secret you demand to know, you've
seen my happy nook,
And you quiz me not a little, but—remember I can cook!

When other wives are envious, and tell
my husband dear
My gowns are very out of date, and at
my wardrobe sneer,
I have no fear, I only smile, I care not
how I look!
I know I've but to whisper—"Dear, remember I can cook!"

My love has often said to me, "My dear,
I know you're plain,
But married life with you, my sweet, has
brought me naught but gain.
Let other women sing and dance, or even
write a book,
Yet you're above them all in charm—remember you can cook!"

And always when I'm begged by girls to
tell them by what art
I captured such a handsome man and
won quite all his heart,
I merely say, "My dears, I'm sure that
all the pains I took
Was asking him to dinner—for remember I can cook!"

And all you modern women who are
anxious to be wed,
Be wise, throw up your arts and crafts,
and learn to bake your bread.
For be certain that no husband will forget the vows he took,
If his wife will only please him by remembering how to cook.

—Modes and Fabrics.

TWO RESCUES.

"HUSH! Hold on there, partner!" Jack Norton, with hands buried in the pockets of a heavy winter overcoat, came striding over the hardened snow, down the slope of a dark and deserted side street that led to the East River. He had just caught sight of another man passing through the yellow patch of light that marked a squalid rum shop in a basement, and some instinct prompted him to hail as "partner" this man whom he then saw for the first time.

The strange man checked an impulse to look back, but only went on all the more doggedly. Norton also quickened his pace. After a few more strides he could see, in the faint light which the snow reflected from the last lonesome gas lamp on the block, that there was no need of swiftness to catch up with this man; the street ended right there in a sort of platform with an iron railing at its edge, and immediately below this railing was the East River, where cakes of ice swirled out of the darkness into stray beams of light, and on into darkness again. The stranger—a strongly built man in a thick peajacket—stood there, grasping the head of an iron rail in either hand, staring out beyond.

"It's no good, old man," said Norton, crunching over the fresh snow on the platform to reach the stranger, "no good. Thought of doing it myself. If you'll hold on a minute I'll tell you why."

The man in the peajacket turned and glared at this intruder with the tall hat and the air of another class. "Who in thunder are you?" And then, as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him, he leaned forward and peered into Norton's face.

"That's all right," said Norton, standing up to the scrutiny as if he had quite expected it. "I'm not off my head—not altogether. I only want to kep you from a mistake I nearly made myself. A few minutes ago I started to come down here and—well, disappear in that darkness out there. See those chunks of ice racing each other? If you and I jumped this railing now, we'd be racing like that next moment, and with no more idea of where we were racing to. It's all like that, the other world is. Chap named Hamlet settled it all long ago."

"Well, say, if you ain't crazy you've got more gall than anybody's got a right to and keep their senses. What you got to do with my affairs?"

Norton laughed aloud. "Your affairs! Don't you see we're in the same boat, you and I? You just listen to me——"

"No, I won't just listen to you," the other man growled. "And if you know what's good for you, you'll get away out of here."

This threat to a man who had all but resolved on suicide struck Norton so suddenly and sharply as comical that he broke into a roar of laughter, awakening the echoes of the winter night. His mirth instantly roused the resestment of the man in the peajacket, who, backing away from the railing, struck violently at him right and left.

By instinct and long habit Norton put up his hands. He was the taller man of the two, active and more skillful in self-defense than the other; but a long winter overcoat is an awkward garment for boxing in, and the gloves proper for a gentleman's afternoon calls are not at all the prize-ring type. Handicapped like this, he was less difficult for the smaller man, whose furious drives and swings fell short of his face, but reached his chest and ribs.

The two clinched and stamped up and down in the dry snow, their steps so muffled as to be soundless, even in the stillness of that deserted nook. They fell, grappling fiercely, and the street lamp blinked down at them, like a solitary and impartial witness for both sides, while a river steamer went puffing and groaning past, as if intent only upon its own struggle with the tide and the floating ice. Over and over they rolled together, the man in the peajacket fiercely struggling to wreak his exasperation on Norton's face whenever a chance offered. It was a bizarre struggle, what with its comical aspects, and what with the threat of tragedy that increased every moment, as Norton realized his opponent's terrible earnestness. At last it seemed that the greater suppleness and length of limb had triumphed; Norton was on top, the other man's arms securely held down in the snow. But then arose the difficult question how to dispose of this man safely and yet humanely. If positions had been reversed, Norton would have been in perilous case; a devil was glaring out of the two eyes that met his, a reckless demon of hate against the whole world. Norton, on the contrary, had no general grievance; in particular he had no quarrel against the stranger whom he held pinioned in the snow. Only one person had been in his thoughts as he came down that lonely side street, and her he would not have harmed for all that life could afford. It had seemed, though, that death would be for him a happy escape from the agony of his meeting with her that afternoon, finding her so affectionately intimate with that supercilious middle-aged Professor What's-his-name; and his just resentment met with what sounded to him like a heartless sneer, and all this after years of absence in constant love and hope. By all logic Norton ought to have been glad to let the man in the peajacket get up and kill him, but somehow his impulses had all been changed by this chance meeting with a fellow-creature to whom life seemed as unbearable as to himself.

The solution of the problem how to release the desperate man came to Norton when the panting stillness was feebly broken by the distant voice of a child calling. The man on the ground raised his head, as if by force of habit, to listen. The voice came nearer.

"Papa! papa! Mamma wants you."

"Let me up. That's my kid."

Norton jumped up delighted.

"Papa! Mamma wants you to come to her."

"Here, Connie!"

The man in the peajacket sat up on the snowy curb, trying to rid himself of the marks of his rough-and-tumble in the snow. Norton was picking up his tall hat when a little girl in a print frock emerged from the darkness of the street. The little girl appeared to forget that it was a cold night, and that her black woolen shawl thrown over her head was a very slender protection. The shawl was trailing behind her as she ran to her papa, and, sobbing, threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, papa, she didn't mean it—mamma didn't mean for you to go away and never come back! Won't you come to her now, please, papa?"

Norton, brushing his silk hat, felt once more moved to laughter—perhaps not the laughter of a merely humorous appreciation, but still laughter. Taught by his late experience he moderated his laugh to a hardly audible chuckle, and then, as that excited no fresh outbreak on the part of Connie's papa, he spoke up:

"Yes, Connie"—he had caught the little one's name—"papa's going home. But you mustn't catch cold, little girl. Here!"

He was taking off his own overcoat to throw over the child when her father, still sitting in the snow hugging her to his peajacket, looked up and caught him in the act.

"If you take off that coat, you'll catch your death of noomony, mister," he said.

"I shall not have time for that, partner. Why not? Because I'm going to send you home with Connie while I go the other way." He nodded in the direction of the river. "I have no home where I'm wanted, and no little girl to run about in the snow looking for me."

Connie looked up at him over her papa's shoulder. "Ain't you got—nobody at all?"

"Nobody at all, Connie. Here, let me see if the coat's too long for you."

Her papa rose and gathered up the trailing black shawl. "Run on home, baby," he said, wrapping it tight about her. "Run on now, just as fast as you can, and tell mamma I'm coming right away—soon as I get through talking to this gentleman on business."

Norton took something out of his pocket, stooped, and transferred the something to Connie's hand, whispering to her, and she, after one puzzled stare, disappeared up the street. He looked after her a moment, and then, turning away with a chuckle, said: "You must have been clean off your hear, partner. And you tried to make out I was. I wish you'd tell me what the trouble is. But, anyhow, I know now you hadn't half my excuse for wanting to jump into the river."

"Think so, eh? How would you like it if you worked hard for ten years, and then had to see your things all sold out—horse and wagon and everything—and your wife saying you're no kind of use——"

"That's enough," Norton interrupted. "It's only money with you. By the way, what's your name? McCorkle? All right, McCorkle. I just want to tell you that you don't know when you're well off. Come on, McCorkle; I'm going to put off that swim with the ice cakes until to-morrow night. Ugh! It surely is a good deal more comfortable with this coat on. Hope I didn't seriously hurt your arms just now."

The two late combatants began to plod together through the snow in the roadway. "Now, see here, McCorkle, I'm putting off my plunge just for one thing—just to write a check to your order. You agree to take that check and use it? You won't? All right, then. Good night." He turned back and began to unbutton his coat again.

McCorkle was really doubtful about the suicidal intention of this top-hatted man who had interfered with his own impulse in that direction. He had to acknowledge himself conquered on this line, too, for the sake of his own peace of conscience, and having had sufficient proof of his inability to save the other man by physical force. Besides, he longed to be back with his wife and Connie. So he solemnly promised to accept the check and consented to show Norton the little tenement just around the corner on the avenue that was his home. And so Norton had the good fortune to meet Mrs. McCorkle.

Norton was young in years, and still younger in general experience. Much of his life had been spent on a Western cattle range, in a region where Mrs. McCorkle's sex was scantily and not favorably represented. Pondering the situation revealed by Connie's sobbing message, and by the scene at which he assisted in the McCorkle home, he began to think that a woman's word needs much interpreting and patient study. And that other person was of Mrs. McCorkle's sex, though in unlike circumstances. Upon which Norton resolved to wait for the interpretation of events.

The following note reached him at his hotel next morning:

"Dear Jack: If you had not gone off in a huff you would have learned before now that Dr. Brereton, who seemed to be the cause of your outrageous behavior, is going to be my step-papa. It was not for me to tell you, but mamma says I may—now. She would have told you herself, if you had come up and had a cup of tea with her. You may thank her for this note; I would never have written it. I could have shaken you. He thought your tantrums so funny!"—New York Times.

FISHING FOR CISCOES.

No Longer One of the Industries of Lake Ontario.

It was thirty years ago this winter, says the New York Tribune, that the ciscoes in Lake Ontario suddenly left its waters, never to return. Where they went has always been a mystery, but a striking coincidence was their appearance shortly after in large numbers in a Lake Erie bay, near Sandusky, Ohio.

The cisco, which belongs to the salmon family, is a peculiar fish as far as its abiding place is concerned. It inhabits only a few lakes in the United States and Canada, and then it moves about with a suddenness that bothers the fishermen who make a living by catching it for the market. The cisco resembles the sea herring, and its head tapers to a point. It runs in weight from three-quarters of a pound to one and a half pounds, and in length from ten to twelve inches. The flesh has a fine flavor, and many compare it to the brook trout. A few years ago there was a large demand for the cisco, especially in the winter, when it was a common occurrence to see a keg of salted ciscoes displayed in front of grocery stores.

The ciscoes which the fishermen took from the waters of Lake Ontario were far famed, and Chaumont ciscoes were noted in the Eastern States. Chaumont is a little village on Lake Ontario, in Jefferson County, and it was the center of cisco fishing until 1872. The ciscoes came into Chaumont bay for the last time in November, 1872. Once in a while now a fisherman angling for bass will hook a lone cisco, but this happens rarely. These fish are still caught occasionally on the Canadian shores of the lake, and they are caught in larger quantities in the eastern part of Lake Erie. When the cisco made its home in and about Chaumont bay it had never been seen around Sandusky. Why the fish left Lake Ontario has never been fully explained. Many reasons have been given, and the most probable one is that so much silt floated into the lake that it destroyed the cisco feeding grounds and spawning beds.

ONE PENALTY OF WEALTH.

Indigestion Afflicts Many Men Who Have Immense Fortunes.

One curse of riches which, it is said, has come to quite a large number of Americans who have during the past few years made considerable fortunes is indigestion, due to what may be termed good living. The sudden transition from a simple life, where hard work was required early and late, to a life of luxury with but little hard work, has proved a change too great to be healthfully made. It is a change which has come to many who have not during their previous life had to take into account that where physical exercise does not come with a man's daily pursuits some means of obtaining it through out of door sports of a greater or less athletic character is essential if good health is to be maintained.

To eat and drink, possibly to excess, to live luxuriously—that is, to satisfy all one's desires without material physical exertion—is almost certain to be physically demoralizing and the number of those not beyond the middle period of life who have in the last few years acquired great wealth, who are now under medical treatment, not so much for nervous ailments as for what may be termed an excess of luxury, is said to be exceedingly large.

There is, perhaps, this compensation in life, that the man of moderate means, who is compelled by the necessity of the case to live in a reasonably simple manner, is more likely to enjoy better health while he lives and continue on to a good old age than is the man who does not have to place the least restriction upon his expenditures and who cannot withstand the temptation to consume all of the dainties procurable by money.

Love is blind; especially the brand known as self-love.

THE PERIPATETIC BEAR.

Summer Outing of a Mother Grizzly and Her Young Ones.

There is a deal of discussion among hunters after big game in the mountains concerning the sort of fathers and husbands grizzly bears make, says a writer in Outing. The consensus of opinion seems to be that bruin is an unfaithful, heartless spouse and a contemptible father. He will help Mme. Bruin seek a cave or an opening in the rocks or mountain side, where their cubs may be born, and he will carry a dainty morsel, such as a sheep, a calf or part of a cow's carcass there for his mate's food. However, a few days after the cubs are born in the family circle he will leave the home, probably never having any further acquaintance with his spouse and her offspring. Thereafter Mme. Bruin must make her own way and provide for her cubs. Unlike the black bear, which is a jolly, fun loving father that rolls and frolics with his baby children, the male grizzly will have nothing to do with the cubs. Mme. Grizzly and her children are companions for two summers, and they hibernate rolled together in a ball of fur for about 100 days, during the coldest days of winter.

The mother bear and her young travel far and wide, moving principally at night. Kit Carson said that the wide range of a family of healthy grizzlies in a summer season is almost incalculable. He had reason to know of a mother grizzly and her two cubs that once left their hibernating cave among the southern spurs of the Rocky mountains in New Mexico one spring in the forties, crossed the Colorado and Wyoming, were seen in the mountains in Montana and were back in New Mexico again for another winter before the following October.

The Rocking of Lake Erie.

The 250 mile trough of Lake Erie lies approximately in the direction of the west to southwest winds which prevail in that part of the country. Thus the lake offers an excellent opportunity for studying the effects of the wind upon a large body of inclosed water, and very interesting these effects sometimes prove. Rhythmic gusts produce a rocking motion and great blows from the west or southwest sweep the liquid body of the lake eastward and sometimes cause a rise of eight feet or more at Buffalo in the course of a few hours. As soon as the maximum force of the gale has passed the water swings back. Continued rockings are observed on days when the strength of the wind fluctuates.—Youth's Companion.

A Russian Banknote.

The 100 ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center in bold relief stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks.

A Fire Extinguisher.

A man made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked:

"What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fire?"

"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life saving vessel through storm tossed seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

AGENT

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

All's well.

Our town has a clean bill of health.

Tuesday was poll tax day at the Aabattoir.

The water reservoir will be cleaned tomorrow.

There is talk of the Linden House being enlarged.

Big stock fresh groceries at Debenedetti & Montevaldo's.

Contractor Healy has the new Plymire cottage enclosed.

Chas. Vandenbos and wife were Sunday visitors here.

W. F. Bailey will do the painting at the Plymire building.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Carroll drove in to the city on Wednesday.

Henry Michenfelder of San Francisco was a Monday visitor here.

Miss Elenore Coll of San Francisco spent Sunday with friends here.

Charles Coombes is still confined to his bed with an ulcerous ankle.

The "Poverty Cure Lecturer" met with a very small attendance Sunday.

John Schuck has the contract for the plumbing in the Plymire cottage.

Boots and shoes made or mended. Big stock footgear, bedrock prices, at Kauffmann's.

Eurelia, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynch, is reported seriously ill.

W. A. Ruth, superintendent of the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, was in town Tuesday.

Don't forget the March water rent, which is due and payable on or before March 31st.

People's Store is the place for bargains in dry goods, notions, fancy and furnishing goods.

John Huber returned from Seattle Monday, where he attended the funeral of his mother.

Roger O'Conner, a Gilroy capitalist, paid a visit to his son Jack, the operator, last Saturday.

Now is the time to buy you a residence lot in this town. By and by the prices will be higher.

Non-resident lot owners will find it good financial policy to build small dwellings on their ground.

Several of the men recently laid off at the Fuller Works have found employment on the County road.

Mrs. Thomas Quinlan of Halfmoon Bay spent Friday and Saturday visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. N. B. Inman is the possessor of a natural hatched "freak in nature" in the shape of a four legged chicken.

We have it from reliable authority that the Butler Brick yard will soon start up and run through the season.

Frank Bastien, the painter, has finished the front of the Linden House by giving it a coat of the brightest red.

Miss Josie Miner returned to Bouldin's Isle on Tuesday, after having spent a brief vacation with her parents.

Bob Carroll is gathering in poll, road and property taxes, and levying real estate assessments. Look out for Robert.

No signs of improvement in the condition of Rudolph Gollink, who is under medical care at the German Hospital.

Supervisor Eikerenkotter has a force of some thirty men with teams at work on the San Bruno road grade near the Armour Hotel.

The cat killer was around Wednesday morning. If a dozen dog killers would keep busy for a fortnight the town would be a better place to live in.

The regular annual election for Fire Commissioners will be held at the court room, Monday, April 6, 1903. Polls open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

A subscription was taken up among the packing-house employes on Tuesday for the benefit of the Chas. Robinson family which netted the sum of $93.95.

Dr. Cahrles H. Earl and family arrived Monday from Los Angeles and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Snyder during the fore part of the week.

Public school reopened on Monday. The health authorities feel confident that there is no danger of further spread of the scarlet fever and diphtheria.

With the steel works, the new stone quarry and the Butler Brick Yard all running this season in addition to our other industries, times will be lively here this summer.

Health Officer Plymire was called to Colma Monday to inspect a hog ranch nuisance near the residence of Hon. Jacob Bryan. The rancher agreed to abate the nuisance.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

Born, January 21, 1903, in the city of San Francisco, to the wife of Thomas Flood, a daughter. Tom forgot to mention the happy event to his Baden friends until the wee daughter is quite a little lady.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Mr. Merrifield of Aetna Springs came down on Wednesday and on Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Merrifield returned home to Aetna Springs. Mrs. Merrifield has been paying a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gibson.

Leonard S. Guy, who entered the bunkhouse at Warren's quarry some four weeks since and attempted to steal a lot of clothing, entered a plea of guilty in Judge Buck's Court and on Tuesday was sentenced to one year in San Quentin.

Mrs. Rachael Barney returned to the home of Frank Clawson Monday slightly improved in health. Mrs. Barney has been under medical treatment for pleurisy at Dr. Land's Sanitarium in San Francisco for the past three weeks.

John Keating is opening his stone quarry near the Butler brickyard in fine shape. Mr. Keating is putting in the very best and latest improved machinery. He has an unlimited supply of fine blue rock at the very water's edge and is bound to make his pile out of the quarry.

John McBain, who was recently awarded the contract to build the High School, filed all the necessary papers with the Recorder on Monday, and work on the building will be pushed. Under the contract he has 200 working days in which to complete the building. Workmen have commenced cleaning the lot.—Times-Gazette.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Meat Co., an order was made for leasing the Exchange Building as an hotel. The order has created considerable uneasiness in town and among the local hotel keepers and a petition has been circulated and numerously signed asking the company to revoke the order.

Violet M., the beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Robinson, died last Sunday morning after a brief illness, at the tender age of 4 years 5 months and 12 days. The child had been suffering from scarlet fever and diphtheria for the past ten days. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon from the Robinson home, interment Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The bereaved parents have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., April 1, 1903:

Crowley, Tim, 2; Glassford, Clyde; Rawel, A. C.; Schenfele, Carl; Smith, John; Sullivan, Mrs. C.; Walsh, Edward; Williams, L. S.

Foreign—Crowley, Tim.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE PACKING HOUSE.

The contract for the enlargement of the packing-house was let last Thursday and work will begin on the new structure early next month.

The new addition to the Western Meat Company's plant will be four stories high and will cover a space sixty-four feet by ninety-five feet.

The building will be entirely of brick. Herbert B. Maggs is the architect.

This will be encouraging news to our citizens, as it is a sure indication of development. The business of the Western Meat Co. has grown to such proportions as to make imperative the immediate enlargement of their plant.

CARD.

We wish to announce that W. W. Ayres & Co. have purchased the South San Francisco Pharmacy, formerly owned and conducted by Dr. H. G. Plymire. We will endeavor to keep everything that comes under the head of drugs, medicines or toilet articles, and everything we keep is just the kind of goods particular people want. Kindly give us a call. Our Mr. W. W. Ayres, who is in full charge, is a thorough and competent druggist, and prescriptions will receive his personal attention. You can therefore depend upon your prescriptions when filled at our store.

W. W. AYRES & CO.

AN UNKNOWN SUICIDE.

The body of an unknown man was found on Monday afternoon in a clump of trees alongside the electric railroad track near San Bruno. On a down trip the motorman noticed the body, but thought nothing of it until on a later trip noticing the body in the same position, when he proceeded to investigate and found the man dead. A strong odor of carbolic acid indicated that it was a case of suicide. The body was that of a man about 50 years of age, clad in neat clothing. No letters or papers were found upon his person by which his identity could be revealed. The body was taken in charge by Coroner Crowe and removed to the morgue in this city.—Redwood City Democrat.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The March water rate must be paid on or before the last day of March. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of April and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced. *

Election Notice for Fire Commissioners.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on Monday, April 6, 1903, for the purpose of electing three Fire Commissioners for the Fire District of South San Francisco, San Mateo County, State of California, for the ensuing year.

The following named citizens have been appointed Judges of said election, viz.: Richard Harder, J. E. Rogers and M. Foley. For Clerks: Mell Cohen and H. J. Vandenbos.

The polling place for said election will be at the court room in South San Francisco. Polls open from 8 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m.

D. O. DAGGETT,
H. GAERDES,
THOS. MASON.
Fire Commissioners of South San Francisco Fire District.

THE DISCLOSURES AND RESULT OF THE MESSE-ANDERSON CASE.

On Sunday last Maud Anderson was arrested on the charge of grand larceny on a warrant issued out of Judge Mogan's court of San Francisco. The complainant was a young woman named Sylvia Messe, who alleged that the Anderson girl had stolen her trunk containing valuable wearing apparel and $78 in money. The fact brought out at the hearing of the case before Judge Mogan are as follows:

A man named Geo. A. Wold roomed with the Anderson family last winter and when he left owed a board and lodging bill of $55, for which Mrs. Anderson held his trunk. Wold went to the city and made the acquaintance of Sylvia Messe and conspired with her to get revenge as well as money out of the Anderson family. Maud Anderson also went to the city and obtained employment at Johnson's restaurant, where she worked from the 8th of February to the 16th of March. The Messe girl came to the Johnson restaurant for her meals and there made the acquaintance of Maud Anderson, borrowing money at different times from Miss Anderson and finally prevailing on Miss Anderson to share her room with her. When conspiracy was ripe the Messe girl informed Miss Anderson that she had to leave the city and would leave her trunk in Miss Anderson's care, telling Miss Anderson to take the trunk with her when she went home. Miss Anderson quit her employment and going home took the trunk with her. Immediately the trap was sprung. Wold and tne Messe girl came to South San Francisco and threatened to have Miss Anderson arrested on the charge of stealing the trunk if Mr. Anderson did not give them $30. Anderson refused to pay the money and on Saturday the Messe girl swore out a warrant and on Sunday Miss Anderson was arrested. After full hearing, in which the testimony of R. E. Steele and the members of the Anderson family was taken, Judge Mogan ordered Miss Anderson discharged and that the charge of extortion or blackmail be placed against Geo. Wold and Miss Messe. Wold is known here, where he played the role of loafer during all of last winter in a town of workingmen, where work was abundant.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

South San Francisco, March 12, 1903.

My wife having this day left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

28m. WILLIAM SCHMIDT.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

The Exchange Building for hotel purposes. For full particulars inquire of W. J. Martin.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Didn't Patronize Her Father.

A young woman living in a suburban village turned her graceful talent for dancing to account by carrying on the instruction of the young folks in the neighborhood in that art. At the beginning of the term her class was attended by an awkward, overgrown girl who was much in need of such culture. She was the daughter of a local undertaker. After two lessons she discontinued attendance, and one of her acquaintances asked her why she had given up her lessons.

"Well," said she, "Miss Blank never patronizes my father, and so I won't patronize her school."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mistake In the Locality.

That keen rivalry which western towns feel is probably responsible for the story about Seattle, which may well have been said of some other place at some other time. It concerns a Seattle man who died and went to the hereafter.

"I don't see," he remarked, after a casual survey of his new quarters, "that heaven is so much better than Seattle."

"But this isn't heaven," explained a bystander.—New York Tribune.

How the Ancients Regarded Iron.

The ancient Egyptians believed that iron was the bone of Typhon, the enemy of Osiris, and for this reason it was considered impure. No one could make use of it even for the most ordinary requirements of life without polluting his soul in a way that would cause him harm both on earth and in the other world.

Painless Pulling.

Sufferer—Do you pull teeth without pain?

Dentist—Well, not always. I sprained my wrist last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet occasionally.

In Doubt.

In one of Wilkie Collins' published letters he writes:

For the last week while I was finishing the story I galloped along without feeling it, like the old post horses. Do you remember how the fore legs of those post horses quivered, and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end? That's me, my dear; that's me. Good gracious, is "me" grammar? Ought it to be "I?" My poor father paid £90 a year for my education, and I give you my sacred word of honor I am not sure whether it is "me" or "I."

Personal Magnetism.

Two men address an assembly on the same topic and in nearly the same words. One is listened to with indifference, if at all; the other stirs to every fiber our being and our souls thrill responsive to his lightest touch. It is not what we hear, nor is it graceful pose or elegant diction; it is nothing comprehensive or tangible, but an invisible, mysterious force which we acknowledge and yield to even against our convictions and reason. This strange attribute is not hereditary, nor can it be acquired.

Even Chance.

C.—Thought you were going to marry Miss K.?

G.—Going to awsk her tonight. My chawnces are about even.

C.—How so, deah boy?

G.—She must say either "yes" or "no."

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

By mutual agreement, the undersigned, James T. Casey and Benjamin Greene, hereby dissolve the partnership hitherto existing between them under the name of Casey & Greene, doing a Butcher and General Teaming Business in Colma, San Mateo County, on this 28th Day of February, 1903.

It is agreed that James T. Casey will collect all bills due the Butcher business and that Benjamin Greene will collect all bills due the Teaming business and the debts of each part of the business are assumed in the same manner.

M7(4t) J. T. CASEY
B. S. GREENE

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are very scarce and selling at higher prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, and at higher prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products higher.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9½@10c; 2d quality, 9@9½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½@8c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6¾@7¼c; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 lbs, 7¼@7½c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 7 @ 7½c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5; hogs weighing under 140 lbs, 7@7¼c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4½@5c; Ewes, 4¼@4½c. Yearling Lambs, 5¼@5½; Spring Lambs, 6 @6¼c.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7¾@8c; second quality, 7¼c; first quality cows and heifers, 7@7½c; second quality, 6½@6¾c; third quality, 6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½c; medium, 9@9½c; small, good, 10@11c; common, 7½@8c.

MUTTON — Wethers, heavy, 10@10½c; light, 11 @ 11½c; Heavy Ewes, 9½ @ 10c; Light Ewes, 10 @10½c; Yearling Lambs, 10½@11c.; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 12½@15c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 10½@11c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½ @ 14¾c; picnic hams, 9@9¾c; Atlanta ham, 11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 17c; light S. C. bacon, 16½c; med. bacon, clear, 12½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13@13½c; clear, light bacon, 15c; clear ex. light bacon, 15½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $.....; do, hf-bbl, ...; Family Beef, bbl, $.....; hf-bbl, ...; Extra Mess, bbl, $.....; do, hf-bbl, ...

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12½c; do, light, 12½c; do, Bellies, 12 @ 12¾c; Extra Clear, bbls., $22.00 hf-bbls., $11.25, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls. $5.25; do, kits, ...

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8¼	8½	8½	8⅝	9	9½
Cal. pure	12	12¼	12¼	12⅜	12¾	12⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

H. G. Plymire, M. D.
SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,
San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.

IF YOU WANT
GOOD MEAT
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

Dr. J. C. McGovern
Dentist
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SAN FRANCISCO
Hours: 9 to 12 A. M. 1 to 5 P. M.
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At Residence, South San Francisco, by appointment evenings.

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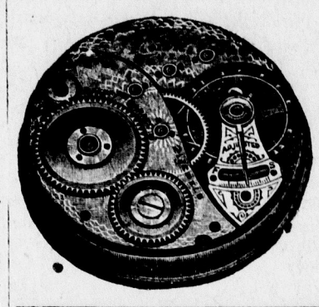

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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
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Willows and
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BREWERIES
—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.
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The Real Thing.
A Genuine Wayside Inn.
Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.
Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.
Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.
Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.
W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

San Mateo County
Building and Loan
Association.
Assets, - - - $175,000.00.
Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.
No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.
GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

SIERRA POINT HOUSE
First-Class Family Resort
SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE ON FAMOUS SAN BRUNO ROAD.
Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.
Table First Class.
Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.
JOS. McNAMARA, Prop.

BADEN SHOE STORE
First-Class Stock
BOOTS : and : SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.
All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.
P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.
GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

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Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

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THE DEAREST GIFT.

When all the dancing feet are still,
  The rose's bloom is shed and spend,
When she has waltzed her happy fill
  With Will and Jack and Ted and Fred,
Tired of the whirl and jollity.
  Her lovely eyes weighed down with sleep,
Then, at the last, she comes to me,
  And she is all my own—to keep!

I find her gloves and tie her wrap,
  We say our good nights left and right;
Now I'm the to-be-envied chap!
  Ah, now, indeed, it is good night!
Of lover's joy let wooers prate;
  What could a man ask more in life,
Than this best, dearest gift of fate—
  To have a sweetheart for a wife?
—Smart Set.

JOHN'S TEST.

BUT, Millicent, can't you see that—er—that I love you as no man has ever loved before?" The black eyes glowed with suppressed ardor.

"Inferring that no man ever has loved poor little Millicent Bigelow before. And, to tell the truth, John, that's just what's the matter—that before a certain definite point in my life no male creature ever deigned to cast a glance at my insignificance, that before Aunt Mary invited me to spend a month with her in New York and sent me home with a carload of trunks, containing nothing but wearing apparel expressly designed and manufactured by New York and Paris modistes to set forth and enhance my previously undiscovered beauty, that before I came home and lost all my girl friends out of jealousy for my better clothes, men were not in the habit of tumbling all over themselves to tell me twenty times a day that they loved me."

She smiled provokingly at the look of genuine astonishment that her sudden outburst had brought to the sensitively lined masculine face before her.

"And now, you, whom I considered my best friend, have become as nonsensical as any of them. It is true you have said the apparently enticing words but once, and stumbled over them at that, by the way, but, considering that we have just arrived at the picnic grounds and that presently I shall ask you to take me out in a canoe on the lake, and expect you to ask me to go with you again after lunch, I doubt not that by the twentieth time you will become as fluent as the others."

"Millie, I can't deny that I shall probably keep on repeating the question until I get the one answer that will satisfy me, but when you accuse me of wanting to marry you because you may have more or less worthless finery on, it's beyond—"

"John Atwood, I don't know what you designate as cheap finery, but I would have you know that this gown, as well as the boa which adorns my shoulders, was a special present from auntie and imported direct from Paris." The ruffled feelings sought consolation in rearranging the fluffy creation of lace and artificial flowers that composed the neckwear in question.

"You understand what I meant, Millicent. I can't say you don't look nice in that thing around your neck, but I liked you just as well in the brown dress that you used to wear with brown ribbons, and then you used to let me put my arms around you."

An indignant shoulder turned in his direction was the only answer.

"But won't you please hurry and ask me to take you out on the lake, as you said you would, before I do the asking and offend you again."

The pouting face, half hidden behind the white parasol, looked almost as though about to refuse to go out on the lake altogether, but John pulled up a canoe and quietly began arranging the cushions. When he had finished, a figure behind a parasol stepped in and settled down among them.

Nothing was said until they had proceeded nearly across the lake and were skirting along the opposite shore. Then as John was paddling idly, watching a reflection in the water, a voice suddenly demanded that he turn aside and enter an opening that the shore made at this point and through which could be seen a small pool of water thickly studded with the white blossoms of the water lilies.

Without hesitation John turned the nose of the canoe in the direction indicated and paddled up to the point of entering, when he noticed that the water in the inclosed space was very shallow and covered a surface of dark-looking mud.

He stopped progress and waited for the owner of the voice to observe the state of affairs, but the voice vouchsafed nothing but an impatient command to continue. Then he spoke in a non-committal voice of the advisability of entering where there was insufficient water to allow paddling. But the flowers gleamed white in the sunlight and a scornful ripple of laughter was his answer.

Manlike, he gave in to woman's whim and pushed the boat into the midst of the lilies. He reaped a reward in the lowering of the parasol and a companionable face smiled upon him as the owner proceeded to tuck up the ruffles preparatory to plucking from the water the brown-stemmed lilies. But even before the first flower was obtained the catastrophe happened.

A great, ugly-looking green dragon fly rose loudly buzzing from the flowers, directly under the side of the boat, and, perceiving the gently swaying fluffiness above the canoe, and perhaps deceived into thinking it a new mass of bloom yet unexplored, dived at once in its direction and succeeded in alighting with a moment's dispatch directly under a pink chin, with the rough wings brushing a dimpled throat.

It was all over in a minute. A startled cry of feminine terror, a panic-stricken spring for the other side of the canoe, and John found himself knee-deep in black, slimy mud, with a bedraggled and dripping little figure weeping hysterically upon his shoulder, and an overturned canoe within his reach.

It was then he saw his chance. "Millicent, stop your crying. I never saw a worse looking creature in my life." A white face of astonishment turned up to his. "And, for heaven's sake, take off that black, oozy thing around your neck." Unconsciously a muddy fist stole up and dragged off the clinging mass of slime and dropped it with a shudder.

"Now, Millicent, will you marry me?" Not till then did the face show any comprehension of the words being spoken. Then a flash of color appeared under the streaks of black and a querulous little sob escaped from the trembling lips as, burying her face again on the wet, heaving chest, she answered, sofely, "Yes, John!"—Philadelphia Item.

POPE LEO XIII., WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED THE SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS PONTIFICATE.

Pope Leo XIII., who recently celebrated the silver jubilee of his pontificate, was born at Carpineto, Italy, March 2, 1810. He is the son of Count Louis Pecci and was baptized by the names of Vincenzo and Gioacchino. He was ordained in 1837, was made Bishop in 1846, proclaimed a cardinal in 1853, and was elected Pope Feb. 20, 1878. He was crowned on March 3 following.

BOUGHT MAGIC BONES.

Florida Negroes Seeking Invisibility Realized that They Were Seen.

"For a good many years," said a Florida man, who was up this way recently, "we have been familiar in the far South with the schemes which designing negroes with the money-making instinct have been working upon their ignorant fellows to coax the coin from their clothes. I'd hate to say how many thousands of dollars the more ignorant negroes of Florida alone give up every year for concoctions, manufactured out of nothing worth while by the crafty negroes, for 'whitening their skins.' Then there are the multitudinous lotions or ointments or whatever you call them on sale by foxy negroes down our way for 'taking the kink out of wooly hair on negroes' heads. Colored women, especitly the younger ones, fall victims to this kind of stuff for all of their spare change, and there are plenty of young black bloods who eagerly give up $5 and even $10 for fake contraptions that are alleged to be designed to make their noses aquiline instead of flat.

"But an ancient black schemer was put away down in Florida not long ago for springing and successfully working an entirely new one. The foxy old darky made literally thousands of dollars out of his dodge before he was nailed. He passed the word around among the ignorant negro men that he had a consignment of charms, in the shape of small pieces of bone, that would come pretty near making their purchasers bosses of everything in sight. The owner and wearer of one of his bone charms, he announced, would be rendered completely invisible to human eyes. Well, you can readily imagine how a charm like that would take down in a country where yeller-legged chickens are thicker'n bees, and where watermelons just pop out of the soil out of their own volition. The ignorant blacks fell to those little bone charms all in a bunch, and they dug up from $5 to $15 apiece for the things at that.

"They absolutely and implicitly believed that the wearing of the charms would render them invisible, and for months the darkies down our way provided with these charms have been attempting to help themselves to all sorts of things that didn't belong to them, right in the presence of the owners of the property, and in broad daylight, under the belief that their charms screened them from the vision of men. It took a long time, and not a little buckshot, to convince them that their bone charms didn't amount to much, and then they came to the front with the story of how they had got hold of the charms."—Washington Post.

Satisfied His Curiosity.

The curiosity of the natives of wild countries as to everything belonging to the traveler often leads to amusing situations. J. W. Wells tells, in "Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil," of his visit to one settlement where the only shopkeeper of the place proved very inquisitive. He was a frequent visitor, and would carefully examine the few belongings of the traveler. His curiosity was finally punished in a very funny manner.

On one of his vitis, writes Mr. Wells, he found my bottle of spirits of ammonia on the table, and seeing it was something he had not hitherto inspected, he naturally laid hold of it, and asked of me, "What is this?"

"Only a medicine," I replied; and with a perhaps unworthy satisfaction I watched him hold it up to the light, look at it all round, and finally remove the glass stopper and then take a good sniff.

I had to rush forward to save my precious ammonia, as he staggered and gasped for breath, and ejaculated, "I am dying!" By dint of much slapping of his back and dousing of cold water, he quickly recovered; but nevermore did he touch any of my things.

Railway Company's Logic.

A woman in Belgium whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company 10,000 francs by way of compensation. Shortly after she heard of a traveler who had lost a leg and had been paid 20,000 francs. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You give 20,000 francs for a leg and you allowed me only 10,000 francs for the loss of my husband."

"Madam," was the reply, according to the New York Mail and Express, "the reason is plain. Twenty thousand francs won't provide him with a leg, but for 10,000 francs you can get a husband."

Fully Qualified.

The story is told of a man who by some unaccountable blunder by the appointing authority was made judge of a minor court.

He could neither read nor write, but that did not give him any uneasiness, although it aroused some fears in the breast of his wife.

"What are you going to do when there's any reading or writing comes into cases?" she timidly inquired.

"The folks that bring the readin' will read it, and the folks that want the writin' will write it," calmly replied his honor, "or if they can't, I shall commit 'em. All I've got to attend to, Hitty, is the judgin', and I can do that as quick as anybody."

She Struck an Average.

Husband—I'm surprised at you, Maria! How could you have the face to tell the Judge you were 24 when you were 48 last month?

Wife—Well, dear, I told him the truth. I gave my average age.—Toronto Moon.

How They Get There.

"What is it that makes men great, papa?"

"Persistent advertising, my son."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FLASHES OF FUN

"I should think it didn't give you a fit!"

She (gushingly)—Song flows as naturally from her as from a little birdie. He (gruffly)—A parrot, perhaps!

"Oh, dear, I hate to spend so much money for clothes, and have them turn out all wrong! It just gives me a fit."

"Bridget, what did you say to Miss Smith when she called?" "I told her you were out this toime for sure, ma'am."

"There's one good thing about a motor car." "What's that?" "It doesn't try to run up to every water trough it comes to."

She—I understand that Mrs. Emerson is a strict vegetarian. He—Yes, very! Why, she goes so far as to exclude Bacon from her literary diet!

"What's the matter?" asked the rooster; "more absent-mindedness?" "Yes," replied the hen; "I can never find things where I lay them."

"I see the new magazine is out?" "Yes; and thank Heaven, they've got my poem right next to advertising matter!"—Atlanta Constitution.

George—I proposed to that girl and would have married her if it hadn't been for something she said. Fred—What did she say? George—No.

"Did you see any sharks when you crossed the ocean, Mr. Spifkins?" asked Miss Purling. "Yes," replied Spifkins, sadly; "I played cards with a couple."

"Now, Willy, you may give me a sentence that will be easy to parse." "Yes'm. How's this one: 'Said the sparse, parsimonious parson: Parse the parsnips!'"

"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theater. And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is financing it."

"So you are going to get an automobile?" "Yes," answered the man who is always thinking of his health, "the doctor says I must walk more."—Washington Star.

"Is Miss Tinkler a good pianist?" "She is simply fine. You ought to hear some of her classical pieces. You would never know they were music."—Indianapolis News.

Her Mamma—You certainly were flirting outrageously with that young man on the bench. Don't you know you're a married woman, and—— Mrs. Gay—Yes, but he didn't.

Wife—You don't seem to enjoy the dinner, dear. What's the matter? Husband—I was wondering if there weren't some typographical errors in that cook book of yours.

"He thinks of having his poems published in book form." "Well, that's the best way of putting them where they won't bother anybody."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"Martha, where is the leter that was on my writing desk?" "I posted it, ma'am." "But it had no address on it." "No, ma'am, but I thought it might be one of them agnonimus letters."

Mrs. Jones—And have you any references? Applicant—No, mum; Oi tored 'em up. Mrs. Jones (in surprise)—Tore them up? How foolish! Applicant—Yez wudn't think so, mum, if yez had seen 'em.

"Going away on vacation, old man? You need it, for you look all fagged out." "Great Scott, isn't that proof enough that I've already been on my vacation and just got back!"—Baltimore Herald.

Envious Young man (speaking of favored rival)—Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominally conceited. Sharp Young Lady—But, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever, would not you be conceited?

An Irishman was standing at the corner of a street, his head all bandages and using crutches, when a friend, on seeing him, shouted: "Halloa, Mike, what's the matter?" "I bet Rooney a half-crown he couldn't carry me up a three-story ladder. I won!"

Physician (at hospital)—How did you happen to fall from the top of the ladder? Patient—A pretty woman was passing, and while trying to get a good look at her I slipped and fell. Physician—Ah, the same old story—a woman at the bottom of it!—Chicago News.

"I wonder why donkeys eat thistles?" said the man who is always finding something peculiar in life. "Oh!" answered the person who likes plain food. There is no accounting for taste. If a donkey were to give the matter a thought I suppose he would wonder why human beings eat olives."

"Yes, said Cholly Lonson, proudly, as the group of listeners clustered around him, "yes, I saved the lady's life. She had fallen from the pier, and the watah was dashing awound her. Powerless to help herself, she was sinking for the third time when I ran to the spot." "Yes, yes," said the breathless listeners. "What did you do?" "I shwieked for help, and it came."

Young Claflleigh is always putting his foot in it. He danced three times the other evening with the girl by whom he is particularly smitten, and then positively asked her for the next. "No, really, I can't; but I'll introduce you to the prettiest girl in the room," said his partner. "But I don't want to dance with the prettiest girl in the room," said Calfleigh pettishly. "I want to dance with you!" And now they don't speak.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BEING A GOOD FELLOW.

It Is a Losing Game In the Long Run For Most Men.

Any sensible young man ought to know that he can't be up late nights abusing his stomach and be in full possession of his faculties for business the next day, and he ought to know also that a man must be clear headed and in full possession of his faculties to hold his own in the keen competition of life. Your "good fellow" is popular for the time being, but when his money is gone and he has lost his job and is on his uppers the "good fellow" business doesn't get him anything. It's "poor fellow" then—another good man gone wrong, and "the boys" are ready to hail another "good fellow" who has the price.

We don't mean by this to say that "the boys" are mercenary. They don't altogether pass up a "good fellow" when he goes broke, but it isn't the same. They say he hit the booze too hard and couldn't stand the pace. They feel sorry for him, but he is out of it. His good fellowship doesn't excuse him even in the eyes of his friends for having thrown away his opportunity.

The young man who gets the sleep his system needs, is temperate in his habits, lives within his means and shows up for work in the morning with a clear eye and active brain—that's the man business men are looking for. They want employees whom they can trust. Having worked hard and laid by a competence, they want to throw some of the burdens off, and they won't throw them off on the employee who is too much of a "good fellow."

Cut it out, boys. There's nothing in it. There's a whole lot of nonsense in that "good fellow" business. You can't fool the public very long by living beyond your means and keeping up appearances. There must be a showdown some time or other, and that means a loss of self respect and many bitter experiences. Many a bright and promising business man has failed because he tried to travel in too swift a class, whereas had he lived within his means he might have become a highly successful merchant.

The world doesn't give up its treasures easily. It isn't in the cards for all of us to be millionaires, and mighty few of the "good fellows" get into that class. It's better to earn your way first and go hunting for good times when you have reached the point where you can spare both the time and the money. Then possibly you'll have more sense and have a different notion about what a good time is.—Toledo Bee.

An Enemy of Pansies.

There is one enemy for which the pansy lover must watch like a lynx, and that is a little green worm that seems made on purpose to devour pansies. Where he comes from or why he should exist at all is a mystery. But if you find your little plants stop growing and see the leaves perforated with small holes and your blossoms gnawed behold, your enemy is there. Eternal vigilance alone will save you. Your face must be brought to the surface of the ground. Kneel and turn up every leaf. Doubtless you will find the small green monster curled up and hiding, sucking out all the juices of the plant and so becoming exactly its color, which makes him so difficult to find, and if not checked he will utterly destroy it. He will devour it in a few days.

The Weight of a Trifle.

In the journal of the celebrated English preacher, Frederick Robertson, occurs the following singular passage: "If I had not known a certain person, I never should have given up soldiering to become a minister; if I had not met a certain lady, I never should have known that person; if my dog had not disturbed that lady's invalid child at night, I never should have met her. It is true, then, that if my dog had not barked on that particular night I should now be in the dragoons or fertilizing the soil of India."

Quite Another Thing.

"He was unable to meet his bills, I understand?"

"Well, that's where you're wrong. He couldn't dodge them."—Chicago Post.

Animal Superstitions.

There are many animals that the superstitious consider it unlucky to kill. Among them may be mentioned a ladybird, a martin, a robin, a stork and a money spider, while to kill a wren means that you will break a bone before the year is out. Many animals are also supposed to herald death, and superstitions in this direction are so numerous that only a few can be mentioned here. The most commonly known is the clicking or tapping of the beetle called a death watch, which is reckoned as an omen of death to some one in the house.

The howling of a dog at night near a house is supposed to predict the death of a sick inmate, as also the setting of a white pigeon on a house bodes death to some one in the house, while, again, an old saying among the superstitious runs, "No person can die on a bed or pillow containing the feathers of a white pigeon."

That the gnawing of furniture by rats presages death is also a common superstition. To meet certain animals is considered lucky, while to meet others is the reverse. For instance, to meet a sow with a litter of pigs is very lucky, but it is unlucky if a sow crosses a traveler's path. To meet a weasel is lucky, but should a hare run across the road in front of you it augurs bad fortune.

Passed the Bottle Too Quickly.

Will Low, the painter, told a story of the Latin quarter days of Robert Louis Stevenson. Low and Stevenson were great friends in their youth. Their friendship indeed continued up to the time of the writer's death.

"Louis," said the artist, "was no less diplomatic than brave. He could be fiery, and he could also be gracious and pacific. One night, I remember, we sat in a garden in Montmartre. The red wine had been flowing pretty freely, and one of our party got heated and aggressive.

"Finally some one said a thing that this fighting chap disliked. As soon as the words were spoken he grabbed up a bottle and hurled it at the other's head. It was a strong, true shot and would have hit the mark had not Stevenson sprung to his feet and caught the missile.

"'Tut, tut, George,' he said to the thrower; 'tut, tut. If the bottle is passed so quickly, none of us will be able to stand out the evening."—New York Tribune.

Reason to Be Happy.

What is the use of being at odds with the world? What is the use of being blue and despondent? The world is full of trials for us all—has plenty of trouble and worry to hand out even to the best of us from time to time. But there would be no need for men and women—we could all be babes—if there were no great life problems to solve, no burdens to bear, no sorrows to live down. These are the balance wheels of life. They are the trials we have to face in order to strengthen us and broaden us to the opportunities and the real happiness that riches do not command nor poverty bar.—New York Mail and Express.

The Butler Was In Doubt.

The recent St. Andrew's dinners, according to the Westminster Gazette, have been noteworthy for the profusion of Scotch stories, which in several cases fairly set the tables in a roar. Some of them have an ancient ring, but there is one that is perhaps not generally known. A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald, "I hope your master's temperature is much lower today than it was last night." "I'm no' sae very sure aboot that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."

It took place in a dairy.

The dairyman was pouring large quantities of milk through a fine wire netting.

There were microbes in the milk.

Other microbes by the hundred were sitting on the edge of the crock and gayly looking on.

Their relations were being strained.—Baltimore American.

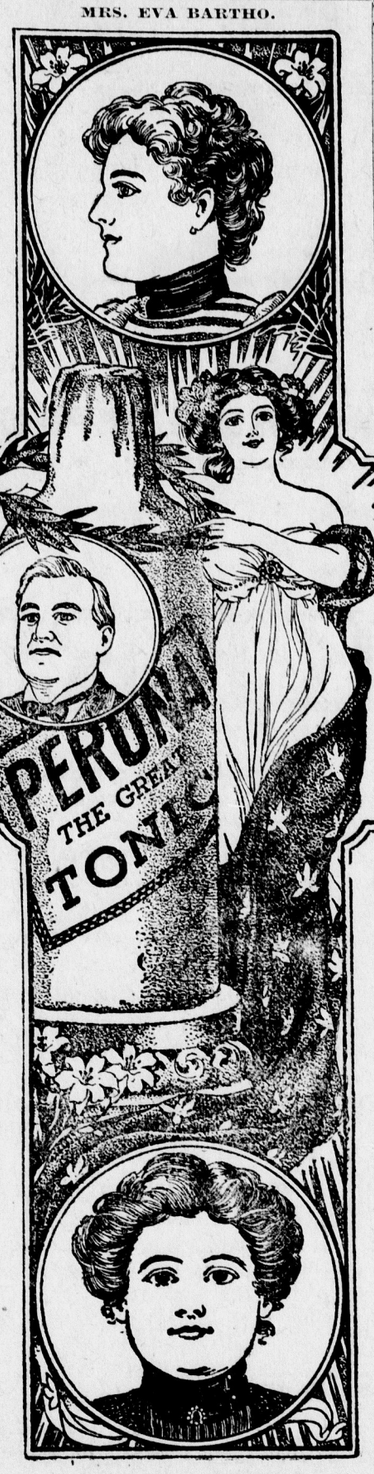
Disguised Catarrh.

A Steady, Insidious, Weakening Enemy to Women—Many Thousand Women Suffer Needlessly From This Cause.

There are a multitude of women, especially housewives, and all other women obliged to be on their feet constantly, who are wretched beyond description, simply because their strength and vitality is sapped away by catarrhal discharges from the pelvic organs. These women get up in the morning tired, drag themselves through their daily duties tired, only to go to bed at night as tired as before.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 133 East 12th Street, N. Y. City, N. Y. writes:—"I suffered for three years with what is generally known as Leucorrhœa, in connection with ulceration of the womb. The doctors advocated an operation which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to go under it. Reading of the value of Peruna, I thought it best to give this well-known remedy a trial, so I bought three bottles of it at once. Now I am a changed woman. Peruna cured me; it took nine bottles, but I felt so much improved I kept taking it, as I dreaded an operation so much. I am to-day in perfect health, and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.

MRS. EVA BARTHO.



MISS LOUISE MAHON.

Miss Louise Mahon, 3 Glen Baille Street, Toronto, Ont., Can., Secretary of the King's Daughters and Secretary of Lady Maccabees, writes:—"If all women knew of the benefits to be derived from taking Peruna we would have many happier and more healthful women. My health has never been too robust, and I am easily fatigued and can not stand much. About a year ago I was so run down that I had to take to my bed, and became weaker and weaker. A friend advised me to try Peruna, and I have great reason to be grateful, for in two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was perfectly well, and I now find that my health is much more robust than formerly, so that I take Peruna once or twice a month and keep well."—Louise Mahon.

Peruna is such a perfect specific for each case that when patients have once used it they can never be induced to quit it until they are permanently cured. It begins to relieve the disagreeable symptoms at once. The backache ceases, the trembling knees are strengthened, the appetite restored, the digestion made perfect, the dull headache is stopped and the weakening drains are gradually cured. These results certainly follow a course of treatment with Peruna.

Barbara Alberty, corner Seventh and Walnut streets, Appleton, Wis., writes as follows in regard to Peruna:

"For years I have suffered with backache and severe pains in the side. I doctored so much that I became discouraged. A school friend told me how very much Peruna had benefited her and I sent out for a bottle, which did more to relieve me than all the other medicine I have ever taken. I used it faithfully for two weeks and it completely cured me. I have not had any pains since, anywhere, but feel like a new woman. I am truly thankful for what Peruna has done for me."—Barbara Alberty.

Mrs. Kate Mann, 806 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont., Can., Vice President of the Ladies Aid Society, writes:—"I am pleased to give praise to Peruna for the blessed relief I found through its use. I suffered for years with backache and dragging down pains and often had to go to bed and stay there when I was so busy that I could illy be spared. It was therefore a simple godsend to me when Peruna was brought to my notice. Every drop seemed to give me new life, and every dose made me feel much better, and I promised myself that if I found that it cured me I would advocate it so that other suffering women should know of it. I have been in perfect health for one year, I enjoy work and pleasure because in such fine health, and no trouble seems too heavy to bear when you are in good health. Peruna has simply been a household blessing, and I never will be without it again."—Mrs. Kate Mann

MRS. KATE MANN.

Mrs. Anna Martin, 47 Hoyt St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"Peruna did so much for me that I feel it my duty to recommend it to others who may be similarly afflicted. About a year ago my health was completely broken down, had backache, dizziness and irregularities, and life seemed dark indeed. We had used Peruna in our home as a tonic, and for colds and catarrh, and I decided to try it for my trouble. In less than three months I became regular, my pains had entirely disappeared, and I am now perfectly well."—Mrs. Anna Martin.

Mrs. Wm. Hetrick, Kennard, Washington county, Neb., writes:

"I am fifty-six years old and have not felt well since the Change of Life began ten years ago. I was in misery somewhere most of the time. My back was very weak, and my flesh so tender it hurt me to lean against the back of a chair. I had pain under my shoulder-blades, in the small of my back and hips. I sometimes wished myself out of this world. Had hot and cold spells, dizziness and trembling of the limbs, and was losing flesh all the time. After following your directions and taking Peruna I now feel like a different person."—Mrs. Wm. Hetrick.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Peruna can be purchased for $1 per bottle at all first-class drug stores.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

MRS. ANNA MARTIN.

Youthful bare feet are almost sure to wear silken slippers in old age.

We want hope, we want encouragement. Speak of good things. Tell your friends of the value of "Old Gilt Edge Whisky" as a stimulant if they look all run down. Wholesale at 320 Clay st., S. F. Wichman, Lutgen & Co.

Sociability is a good thing if you do not carry it to intimacy at which it breeds contempt.

Piso Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough Cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Two things teach children early in life—the value of money and the value of time.

So Convenient in Form.

A beautiful little enameled metal box, nothing to break or make a muss, just right for purse or pocket. Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

We need first of all a home. The homeless person is an incomplete being.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2.00** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

California will soon be to the United States what Italy is to Europe.

STOPS THE COUGH
Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
Cures in a day. Prescribed by all doctors and sold by all druggists. Guaranteed. 25c, 50c.

When you have read a good book pass it to someone whom you think it will benefit.

Mem. for Good Health.
Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

A critic has been defined as a man who has never done anything else.

Our goods have stood the test of time. Established since 1852. O. K. Cutter Whisky. Next time you drink ask for it. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

If you will constantly call attention to a wrong it will in time be righted.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

When Writing to Advertisers . . . Please Mention This Paper

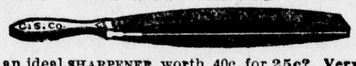
S. F. N. P. U. No. 13, 1903.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

African Stomach Bitters. Best tonic and wonderful blood purifier. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Women will back a race horse for no other reason than because he is the color of chocolate ice cream.

WHY HAVE DULL KNIVES when you can secure



an ideal SHARPENER worth 40c. for 25c? Very convenient for Ladies to use. If not satisfactory return it and get your money back. Mail 25c. to CONVEX SHARPENER CO., 215 31st St., Chicago

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY
Use Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
Prescribed by the best physicians for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. 25c, 50c. At all druggists.

BROMO-SELTZER
CURES ALL
Headaches
10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE

People who cut off their noses to spite their faces mutilate themselves without hurting the other fellow.

I Coughed

"I had a most stubborn cough for many years. It deprived me of sleep and I grew very thin. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was quickly cured."
R. N. Mann, Fall Mills, Tenn.

Sixty years of cures and such testimony as the above have taught us what Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will do.

We know it's the greatest cough remedy ever made. And you will say so, too, after you try it. There's cure in every drop.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Many a penniless, homeless old person has regretted that he did not economize in youth and middle age.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone **14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels,** not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give $100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief." AYLMER L. HUNT, 1689 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

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You can order a **COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.'S** Vehicle direct from the **FACTORY** at **COLUMBUS, OHIO,** and have same shipped to **SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE** in full carload, obtaining car-load freight rate, amounting to only a few dollars. Write Factory for Catalogue, mailed free.

ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN.
Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
For Croup and Infantile coughs, contains no narcotics or stupefying drugs. 25c, 50c. Druggists.

The Thirsty Elm.

It has been computed that if the leaves of an elm tree sixty feet high were spread out on the ground edge to edge they would cover five acres of land. These leaves, averaging 7,000,000 to a full grown tree, will absorb water to the amount of seven tons during the normal summer day. Were it not for the ingathering by the stomata during the night a few elms would soon draw off all the water from a district.

The Modest Actor.

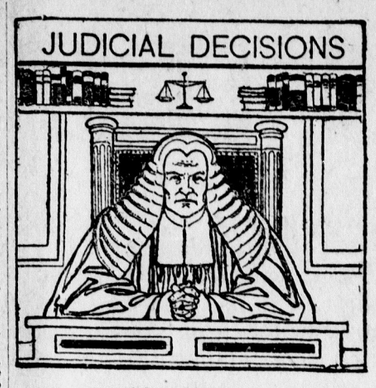
"Shakespeare took some great risks in his dramatic effects," said the literary analyst.

"He did, indeed," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, with the innocent egotism of genius. "For instance, when he wrote his plays he had no idea that I would be born to see that they were properly produced."

Permission.

Fond Mother—My son, did not your father forbid you learning to smoke?

Young America—No, ma. When I asked him if I might smoke, he said, "Not much!"



An infant is held, in O'Rourke vs. John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company (R. I.), 57 L. R. A. 496, not to be bound in his warranties in a contract for life insurance.

A presumption of negligence on the part of an electric company is held, in Boyd vs. Portland General Electric Company (Ore.), 57 L. R. A. 619, to arise when injury results to a traveler in a public street from one of its live wires which has broken and is hanging so near the ground as to be within reach therefrom.

An ad valorem tax upon the franchise of a street railway is held in South Covington & C. Street R. Co. vs. Bellevue (Ky.), 57 L. R. A. 50, to be required by a constitutional provision which declares that all property, whether owned by natural persons or corporations, shall be a tax in proportion to its value.

The exemption of corporations which do not have any special privileges and franchise from the statute imposing a franchise tax on corporations which do have such franchise or privileges is held in Louisville Tobacco Warehouse Co. vs. Com. (Ky.), 27 L. R. A. 33, not to make the statute unconstitutional for lack of uniformity.

The deduction from the value of the capital stock of a corporation in assessing it for taxation for the total amount of corporate indebtedness except indebtedness for current expenses is held in State vs. Duluth Gas and W. Co. (Minn.), 57 L. R. A. 63, to be invalid because in violation of the constitutional requirement of equality and uniformity in taxation.

The cost of a street improvement is held in Blochman vs. Spreckels (Cal.), 57 L. R. A. 213, not to be lawfully assessable against abutting property where the contractor is required by the ordinance to sustain all loss or damage arising from the nature of the work to be done under the specifications, since this requirement would tend to increase the cost of the work.

In a prosecution of a man for murdering his wife evidence that he had for ten years before the alleged crime cursed and ill treated her, and committed many simple assaults upon her, was improperly admitted. Neither was it proper to offer proof that three weeks before the crime he had, while drinking, told his wife that he would divorce her because she would not dress up. (33 Southern Rep. (Miss., Judge Terral), 19.)

FOUND ANCIENT HIGH PRIEST.

Mummy of Man Buried 4,000 Years Ago Discovered.

The German Oriental Society has been most successful in its explorations at Abu-Sir, in Egypt, and most interesting "finds" have been distributed among the Berlin museums. One of the most important discoveries was a perfectly preserved mummy of Jen Em Jechvet, the high priest of the temple, who died about 2,000 years before Christ. The body was found in a family vault, which also contained the remains of his priest and reader and their wives.

Only three timbs of such an age have been found in good preservation during the last century, and this is the first time that the contents have been brought safely to Europe. Jen lay in his coffin, enveloped in a brown linen shroud, just as he had been placed there 4,000 years ago. In accordance with the fashion of the time, he has small side whiskers, and a longer tuft on his chin, and his eyes are made to appear unnaturally long by means of the careful application of rouge. The wig, which is large and parted down the middle, has a bluish tint verging on green, and must originally have been the color of lapis lazuli, in imitation of the hair worn by Egyptian gods.

The mummy was lying slightly on the left side, says the London Antiquary, as Egyptians sleep to-day, and the head rested on a support such as is still in use in the Sudan. The eyes are turned toward the rising sun. Two staffs were found beside the body, and a little wooden statue.

He Was Right.

Cromwell stood moodily watching the battle of Naseby.

"Why so downcast?" inquired his generals. "Aren't we making glorious history?"

"Not much!" cried Oliver. "We're only furnishing material for some fool novelist."

With an imprecation on posterity, he rushed off to dictate his terms of surrender.—Judge.

Uncle Reuben Says:

It's my opinion dat we could all find Truth if we looked in de right direction, but de fact am we don't zactly keer fur an interview wid de old lady. We all carry de feelin' around wid us dat we am about good 'nuff, an' we don't want to meet wid a sudden jar ober it.—Detroit Free Press.

British trade returns for 1902 show an increase in exports of £3,517,604, and in imports of £6,870,086.

March, April, May

There is a best time for doing everything—that is, a time when a thing can be done to the best advantage, most easily and most effectively. Now is the best time for purifying your blood. Why? Because your system is now trying to purify it—you know this by the pimples and other eruptions that have come on your face and body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Are the medicines to take—they do the work thoroughly and agreeably and never fail to do it.

Hood's are the medicines you have always heard recommended.

"I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly as a spring medicine. When we take it in the spring we all feel better through the summer." MRS. S. H. NEAL, McCrays, Pa

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

WEAK IN THE ALPHABET.

Some Letters That Men Can Never Learn to Make.

"Why is it that with some men some letters of the alphabet are harder to make than others and, in fact, that there are some letters that some men never learned how to make?" asked a young man who takes considerable interest in the matter of handwriting in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It is a rather singular fact that nearly every man outside of the experts is weak on one or more of the letters in the English alphabet. Sometimes the letter involved is a capital letter; sometimes it is of the smaller kind; sometimes it is one letter and sometimes another. In any event, you will find few men who are exempt from the failing referred to.

"I know of one man who in spite of the fact that he does a great deal of writing has never learned how to make a capital P. He simply makes a stagger at it, and, as a rule, the result of his efforts will look more like a small p than like the capital P. I know another man who can't make a small f to save his life. He can never get the lower part of the letter below the line. He makes it look like a clubfooted b instead of an f. There are others who, when they try to make the small b, give it the long shank, and it looks more like the letter f. It is rather singular that these traits should hang on to a man's writing for a lifetime, but they do it just the same, and if you make a few inquiries among your friends and acquaintances you will find that but few of them are exempt from this fault.

"It is very much like the habit of spelling certain words incorrectly. Many men who are rated as first class spellers pass through life without ever in a single instance spelling certain words correctly. It is due to habit largely. If you should ask them how to spell the word, they would tell you, but, when they go to write it, that is quite different, and they will get it wrong every time. So they know, too, how certain letters should be made, but they simply can't put them down on paper. It is a curious but common fault."

Miss Jellus—Your bedroom must be a very healthy place, dear.

Miss Prettiface—What makes you think so?

"Because I have noticed that when you are downstairs sometimes you are dreadfully pale, but if you go up into your bedroom for a short time you come down with a beautiful color."

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The American Guaranty & Trust Company
320-1-2-3 Hayward Bldg., San Francisco

GREEN RAPE costs 25 cents per TON
Greatest, Cheapest Food on Earth for Sheep, Swine, Cattle, etc.
Will be worth $100 to you to read what Salzer's catalog says about rape.
Billion Dollar Grass
will positively make you rich; 12 tons of hay and lots of pasture per acre, so also Bromus, Pecoat, Speltz, Macaroni wheat for arid, hot soils, 63 bus. per acre. 20th Century Oats, 250 bus. per acre and Teosinte, Yields 100 tons Green Fodder per acre.
For this Notice and 10c. we mail big catalog and 10 Farm Seed Novelties, fully worth $10 to get a start.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

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For more than a QUARTER OF A CENTURY the
KEELEY Treatment
has been saving men and women from Alcoholism and drug addictions. If you have a friend in need of help write to us for full particulars
THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
Formerly of Los Gatos
1170 Market St., Donohoe Bldg., SAN FRANCISCO

Mother: "What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?"
Innocent: "Shall I leave out the wicked words, mamma?"
Mother: Certainly."
Innocent: "Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you mamma."

The best sermons that ever were written to make men good husbands were written in recipes.

When a woman has a red-headed temper and money we speak of her as an animated blond.

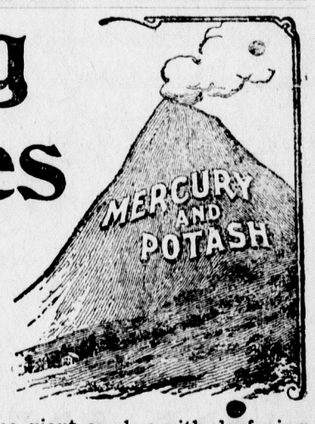
Many petted and spoiled boys make bartenders and nothing more. We have known a number to do so.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION
GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Price 25 Cents. | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sleeping Volcanoes



A thin, vapory smoke, lazily ascending from its crater may be the only visible sign of life in the sleeping volcano, but within is a raging sea of fire, molten rock and sulphurous gases. Those who make their homes in the peaceful valleys below know the danger and, though frequently warned by the rumblings and quakings, these signs of impending eruption go unheeded. They are living in fancied security when the giant awakes with deafening roars and they are lost beneath a downpour of heated rock and scalding ashes.

Thousands of blood poison sufferers are living upon a sleeping volcano and are taking desperate chances, for under the Mercury and Potash treatment the external symptoms of the disease disappear, and the deluded victim is happy in the belief of a complete cure, but the fires of contagion have only been smothered in the system, and as soon as these minerals are left off will blaze up again. Occasional sores break out in the mouth, a red rash appears on the body, and these warning symptoms, if not heeded, are soon followed by fearful eruptions, sores, copper colored splotches, swollen glands, loss of hair and other sickening symptoms.

Mercury and Potash not only fail to cure blood poison, but cause Mercurial Rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, offensive ulcers and inflammation of the Stomach and Bowels.

Bowling Green, Ky., March 24, 1903.

Gentlemen: For over four years I suffered greatly from a severe case of contagious blood poison. I went to Hot Springs, staying there four months at a big expense. I then consulted physicians, who prescribed Mercury. Nothing did me any good, in fact, the treatment proved more harmful than beneficial. I mentioned my case to a friend, who told me that S. S. S. had certainly cured him. I at once commenced its use, and in six months could find no trace of the disease whatever. This was about two years ago. I continued S. S. S. for some time to make sure of a permanent cure, and I can truthfully say I am entirely well.
D. M. SANDERS.

The use of S. S. S. is never followed by any bad results. It cures without the slightest injury to the system. We offer $1,000.00 for proof that it contains a mineral of any description. S. S. S. is an antidote for contagious blood poison, and the only radical and permanent cure known. It destroys every atom of the virus and purifies and strengthens the blood and builds up the general health.

SSS

We will mail free our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, which gives all the symptoms of the disease with full directions for home treatment. Medical advice is furnished by our physicians without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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